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Laelius and Hortensia; or, Thoughts on the Nature and Objects of Taste and Genius, in a Series of Letters to two Friends.
8vo. 6s. Boards. Cadell.

THIS work is said to be the production of Dr. Stedman of Edinburgh, and consists, as the title informs us, of a series of letters on different branches of the Belles Lettres: it may be an useful instructor to those who are in the circumstances of the friends of the author, and a suitable introduction to more extensive and more complicated systems. We cannot compliment the author on the elegance of the composition, or the many original views of his subject; but he has the merit of being plain and perspicuous. We sometimes meet those provincial peculiarities called Scotticisms, though they are neither numerous or important, while the easy progress of his language readily adapts his work to the younger class, and a few letters are not unworthy the attention of the more refined critics. If he usually skims on the surface of criticism, he should not be blamed, for he professes to do no more; 'I must acquaint you,' says he, 'that, in these letters, I discharge a duty similar to that of a painter, who teaches his scholars by giving them detached and faint outlines, that, by connecting these, and carrying on the piece, they may acquire the art of design and expression. If, from these loose sketches, you be led to make more accurate investigations, to

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state doubts, or to attempt illustrations, where circumstance may appear obscure, you will thus profit more than if I have undertaken an explicit, methodical, and scientific discussion of the different subjects, could I suppose myself equal to such a task. I further presume to claim the privilege of epistolary composition; which, from its nature, dispenseth with close connection, laboured periods, or high polishing.

The letters to Lælius are more important than those which are addressed to Hortensia. To him he treats of the Faculties of the Mind, of Taste and Beauty. We would not fastidiously blame what philosophy has not yet settled with precision. They are fleeting objects not to be ascertained without frequent views, and very attentive reflection; but, if Dr. Stedman does not at once equal our wishes in exactness, he is clear and perspicuous both in his ideas and expressions. To Lælius too he addresses his observations on Wit and Humour. They cannot easily be abridged, but are just and entertaining.

‘ In an essay on taste, wit and humour naturally present themselves. Wit is the offspring of that faculty of the mind, which readily discovers the relations and resemblances of things; and by collating these, and framing, from their assemblages, allusions, metaphors, and figures, thus suggest new and pleasant ideas to the imagination. This is nearly the definition of wit given by Mr. Locke, who likewise observes, that the operations of the mind, with respect to wit and judgment, are opposite; since, in the former, it assembles its ideas of things, that, by seeing their congruity, new pictures may be started to the fancy; whereas, in judging, it discriminates or weighs them accurately, to discover their differences. The best kind of wit is that which, besides pleasing a reader or hearer, by presenting new and striking images, tends to elucidate the thoughts of the author or speaker.

‘ It is with wit as with the most delicious meats, which, by corruption, become the most detestable. A mind possessed of a refined taste will relish true wit; but false wit will be, to such a mind, irksome and disgusting. Of this kind are the pun, the quibble, the quaintness of the pointed and frequently affected antithesis, and such low conceits. When a fillip to conversation, however, is wanted, or when some proper end can be answered, something similar to this sort of wit may, at times, be introduced. A company, engaged in agreeable conversation, was interrupted by one who asked abruptly, whether there ever had been a stronger man in the world than Hercules? You yourself, replied another, for you have brought in Hercules head and shoulders. This answer was a proper rebuke to the querist, while it gave the company an opportunity of resuming the conversation. The wit here lies in the English phrase, to bring in head and shoulders, which alludes to bodily strength.

‘ We

* We sometimes meet with low wit in the most refined compositions of the antients. Cicero himself hath given way to this weakness, though seldom; and never where dignity and gravity are necessary. Many of Martial's epigrams are mere quibbles, and such as any one, possessed of a moderate sense of propriety, would avoid uttering in company. It is to be regretted that Ovid was so much addicted to a sporting with words. His compositions abound with verses which every reader of taste would wish had been expunged. Daniel Heinsius, one of the best and most temperate critics, hath declared the greater part of these verses never to have come from Ovid. Where Horace, in his Art of Poetry, introduces Empedocles about to throw himself into mount Ætna, he hath been charged with a witticism of the lowest kind: and it were to be wished the passage had less the appearance of it. *Ardentem frigidus Ætnam insiluit.* *Frigidus* is here said, by some of the commentators, to be wittily opposed to *ardens*. This seems unworthy of Horace. We have reason, therefore, to believe that the poet meant no more by the word *frigidus*, than that Empedocles proceeded coolly and deliberately in his desperate measure.

* Humour, when applied to the mind, is a word peculiar to the English language, and is so nearly connected with wit, that they can scarcely admit of definitions wholly distinct. Whatever is conveyed to the mind with pleasantry, and in a facetious manner, especially if attended with elegance, and excites gay, rather than serious ideas, may be termed humour.

* The beauties which consist in the idiomatical parts of a language can hardly be transferred into another; for a periphrasis being, for the most part, necessary, we are in danger of conveying ideas not precisely the same with those implied in the original idiom. Neither the *gaieté de coeur*, *bel esprit*, nor *enjouement* of the French, correspond exactly to the English term *humour*, when applied to the mind; and though the French use the term *humour*, as *belle humeur*, *bonne humeur*, it is, I think, still different from this English term. The *lepor et festivitas orationis* of Cicero is more expressive of the English term *humour*. The president de Thou, or perhaps some other author, seems to have been of this opinion, when, in order to avoid barbarisms, and in Latinizing his proper names, he turned the *Duc de Joyeuse* into *Lepidus*.

* There is perhaps no better criterion of wit and humour than their effects on a mind of a refined taste, which will be conscious of their effects producing pleasure and animation. Ridicule and raillery are closely connected with humour; hence the comic drama cannot well be supported without it. In this the comedy of the antients differed from that of the moderns. Much good sense, many substantial moral maxims, and these happily expressed, distinguish the comedies of Terence; but they contain little or no humour. Many English comedies, which would have passed well on the antient theatres, have been considered by

the moderns as lifeless, and have been wholly neglected, from a defect of humour.

‘ Mathematical researches, metaphysical discussions, and abstract investigations of whatever kind, are wholly opposite to wit and humour. But there are few other compositions which do not admit humour, either occasionally and delicately introduced, or running through the whole. Humour hath even appeared in sermons, of which Latimer’s are a proof. About a century afterwards, that is, in the time of Charles II. it became fashionable to introduce humour into sermons. And Stern, under the fictitious and whimsical name of Yorick, hath thought proper to introduce it a-new in sermons. This is, however, inconsistent with the dignity of the pulpit. The period in which Latimer lived is a sufficient apology for his humour, which would not pass in the present age, though it was well received two centuries ago. So the wit and humour of Plautus met with much applause in that author’s time, though it did not suit the more refined taste of the Augustan age, as we learn from Horace, whose authority, in a case of this kind, is to be held preferable to that of Cicero and Macrobius.

‘ And yet our fires with joy could Plautus hear,
Gay were his jests, his numbers charm’d their ear.
Let me not say too lavishly they prais’d,
But sure their judgment was full cheaply pleas’d. FRANCIS.

‘ Some have expressed their surprise that Cicero and Horace, being both avowedly possessed of a penetrating judgment, and of a refined taste, should differ so widely in their sentiments, that the one should applaud, and the other condemn, the same author. But it is an easy matter to account for this difference. Cicero, when a youth, had been entertained with the plays of Plautus, and had then joined in the general applause of that author; and we seldom fail to retain, till the latter period of life, a liking to what had pleased us when young. Besides, from the time of Cicero’s youth, till that in which Horace may be supposed able to judge of the merit of authors, refinement in language and in composition had made great advances in Rome; so that Horace, we may believe, could but ill tolerate what pleased Cicero when a youth. This philosopher was forty-two years of age when Horace was born; and Horace twenty-two years of age when Cicero was put to death.

‘ Even satire may be conducted with humour; but a satirist, possessed of a taste sufficiently delicate and refined for this kind of composition, is hardly to be found. We cannot judge better of the difference between the humorous satire and the acrimonious, and of the superiority of the former, than by comparing the satires of Horace with those of Juvenal. Nor is there any character more expressive of Horace as an author of humour, than that contained in the three well known verses of Persius.

‘ Unlike

‘ Unlike in method with conceal’d design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join :
And with a sly insinuating grace,
Laugh’d at his friend, and look’d him in the face ;
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found,
And tickle while he gently prob’d the wound.
With seeming innocence the croud beguil’d ;
But made the desperate passes when he smil’d DRYDEN.

It may be observed here, that, as the more refined humour is lost on minds of little or no taste ; so what is deemed humour by these, is frequently irksome to minds of greater refinement. The ill-timed acclamations, not uncommon at our theatrical shews, make one proof of the truth of this observation. But this impropriety is not peculiar to the British theatres. It will be found to prevail, in all ages, and in every city, become rich, populous, and licentious, where the greater part of those who frequent the theatres are deficient both in taste and in education. Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*, complains, that the *Atellanae* and satiric pieces, which were similar to our farces, met with more applause than they merited ; and his contemporary Phaedrus, in his fable of the buffoon and the pig, satirizes the false taste even of the Augustan age. We frequently meet with complaints of the like nature among the French authors ; particularly at a period when a refined taste for theatrical representations ought to have prevailed more generally ; that is, in the days of Peter Corneille, Moliere, and Racine. Yea, what is very remarkable, Moliere was unable to force upon the public the best comedy he ever wrote, that is, the *Misanthrope*, without the assistance of a farce, the merit of which, when compared with that of the other, is insignificant.

‘ But, notwithstanding all that hath been said and written relating to wit, humour, and ridicule, such is their nature, that we often find them so interwoven in the same passage, as to be inseparable ; and any one of the three may be supposed, at times, to include the other two. To bring this to trial, let one, in reading Butler’s *Hudibras*, a volume which, from beginning to end, abounds with all the three, endeavour, in the course of reading, to mark the limits between the wit, humour, and ridicule, in this composition. The same observation may be applied to Rabelais.’

The author then advances to Epic poetry, the sublimity and moral of the epos ; in a general view, after the example of Rapin, he compares Homer and Virgil, and appreciates, with apparent justice, though with no very nice precision, their respective merits. Lyric and Pastoral Poetry at some length ; Painting, its effect on the passions, and the causes of its decline, next share his attention. He then proceeds to History, Architecture, Genius, and the various sects of the ancient phi-

losophers, with whom he appears very conversant, and holds no mean rank with the classical scholars of the present age. The progress of Philosophy is traced from Epicurus, Zeno, and Socrates, to Des Cartes, Leibnitz, and Newton; and then some minute observations on Language; a pretty extensive criticism on Voltaire's History of Lewis the XIVth; and some observations on the fabulous times which preceded the Olympiads, concludes his instructions to the youthful Lælius.

To Hortensia, his Letters are on the more elegant parts of literature, and the less active pursuits. On Gardening; on Natural and Acquired Manners; on Elegy; on Tragedy and Comedy, and the immortal Spirit of the Drama, Shakespeare, and Theatrical Action. The observations on the elegant art of Painting, and its comparison with Pastoral Poetry, are addressed also to her. The study of the higher parts of Nature, and some conjectures relating to the Moon. Thoughts on Music, a recommendation of the study of Biography, and a proper Style of Composition to females, are all the property of Hortensia. To her also, with peculiar propriety, are directed the Observations on Taste, and on the harmony which religion and social worship produce in a state.

These are the subjects of which the present works consist; and it will be at once obvious, that we cannot pursue our author, with exactness, through such miscellaneous materials; we shall, however, consider with some attention his thoughts on Pastoral Poetry; because, as he informs us, he has delivered them 'more explicitly,' and because his ideas 'differ in some respects from those of the authors who have already treated of this branch.'

The age and the country of pastoral poetry have divided the attention of the critics, and its origin has never been ascertained, even by a plausible conjecture. 'It appears from the writings of Moses, that the pastoral life was then followed in the Upper Ægypt, in Idumea, the inland parts of the Phœnician territories, and the neighbouring countries. What renders it more probable that the Greeks had the idea of the golden age from these countries, and in those mythic times, is, that we hear more of the Syrian gods than of any other deities in the Arcadian plains, particularly Apollo, Mercury, Pan, Diana, and Venus, a goddess of the Cyprians, who, if not subject to the Phœnicians, had a close intercourse with them.' But it is by no means of consequence to dwell on this subject. Pastoral poetry, in its strictest sense, has always appeared to us a very artificial mode of composition; we are captivated by the serenity, calmness, and security which are spread

spread around us, but which no circumstances can at present realize. This mode of life, may, perhaps, exist still in the kingdom of Thibet, in the neighbourhood in which it originally appeared; but no one will, probably, be so much enamoured of bleating folds, and shady bowers, as to seek them under the influence of the Delai Lama, even if his kingdom be really governed with that candor, benevolence, and moderation, which have been the subject of some modern declamations. A strong proof of our opinion is, the many disputes which have been maintained concerning the nature and objects of pastoral poetry. If they are to be the mere contentions of shepherds, as the name imports, concerning the most melodious pipe, or the most beautiful mistress, we shall exclude many pleasing poems from this class, and must allow, which may be easily done, that if they are *not* pastorals, they are something *better*. Our author, however, extends the view, and seems from these and some other letters, to consider every poem which, from its construction is distinguished from the other classes, to be a pastoral, provided the scenery be rural, and an elegant simplicity prevail through the whole. This will not be very favourably received by those enthusiastic admirers of nature, who wish to view her undisguised, in every form which from carelessness or necessity she may put on; who would pick oysters with Sanazzarius, would romp with the hoydens of Gay, or whine with the rustics of Phillips. It is, however, on these accounts, that we have sometimes wished that this kind of poetry had never existed; for we are perpetually disgusted, either by a courtly refinement which never could have existence, or by the grossest rusticity which too often occurs in real life. We would willingly therefore agree with Dr. Stedman in enlarging our definition of pastorals, and 'let the youths sing chiefly of their loves; those of the middle period may be supposed to have a more intimate acquaintance with nature, and, therefore, may use figures, allusions, and language somewhat more refined; and the aged may, among others, adopt religious subjects, which, with the antients, consisted of mythological and allegorical fable, of which Virgil hath given a specimen in his Silenus.'

On this foundation he gravely endeavours to defend our more elegant pastoral poets, from the attack in the Guardian, which was written in the most deceitful irony, by Mr. Pope himself. He is not, however, the only one whom this paper has deceived, and the satire is so very carefully concealed, that the author and his intentions, almost required a commentary to reveal them. He justly observes, that those who propose rules for pastoral poetry, should distinguish between the manners of its era, the golden

age, and the present, but little benefits results from the distinction; for, in the first period we form a poem, which is in itself merely ideal, and of which we cannot determine the propriety, but by observing the resemblance between it and its copy; and in the second, we must, if we wish to please, constantly contradict that experience which we propose to follow.

With these views he properly defends Virgil for not using antiquated phrases in his pastorals, to imitate the Doric of Theocritus; but was not aware that he fought without an antagonist, and triumphed without a victory. It is not indeed, ungrammatical language, or even provincial barbarity, which can give the idea of rural simplicity; though we have known some critics, or those at least who pretended to the title, who have regretted that the ballad in the Somersetshire dialect, which Pope quotes in the Guardian, has not been preserved, though the fragments were evidently formed for the purpose of exposing, in the fullest colours, the admirers of uncultivated unadorned nature. It is, on the other hand, that elegant simplicity where every thing harsh and dissonant is removed, and every art that cannot be observed is employed, which alone distinguishes what deserves the name of a pastoral, and the attention of the discerning critic. Our author has given us an excellent example of the same idea, expressed in the proper language of the different kinds of poetry. 'Thus a sacrifice is expressed with great simplicity in the first eclogue:

————— Illius aram
Saepe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.

' In the admired opening to the third Georgic, a sacrifice is mentioned with more dignity, and in language too elevated for any kind of pastoral.

' Ipsae caput tonsae foliis ornatus olivae
Dona feram. Jam nunc solemnes ducere pompas
Ad delubra juvat, caelosque videre juvencos.

' The third example, from the fourth *Aeneid*, is bold, pompous, descriptive, and in every respect suited to epic composition.

' Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras
Exquirunt: Mactant lectos de more bidentis
Legiferae Cereri, Phoeboque, Patrique, Lyaeo:
Junoni ante omnis, cui vincla jugalia curae
Ipsa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido,
Candentis vaccae media inter cornua fundit.
Aut ante ora dium pinguis spatiat ad aras,
Instauratque diem donis; pecudumque reclusis
Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.'

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The author concludes this subject with observing, that the language of modern pastoral, like the poems of Phillips and Gay, may be the Doric of our modern shepherds; that is, mean, proverbial, and hardly grammatical; if, however, higher subjects, the *os magna sonaturum*, should tempt his fancy, he may sing in more elevated strains, without the charge of impropriety. Pope, has not kept up to this distinction, for though the dramatical part of the 'Spring,' be of the lowest kind, the opening is an imitation of Virgil's beautiful address to Varus, in one of the highest and finest of his pastorals. The distinction is, however, just and proper; and we would wish only to direct the attention of our pastoral poets to the second species. Let them drop the pride of composition, for even victory will not deserve her laurels. It is easy to be as silly as Phillips, and as rustic as Gay; but it is an arduous task to equal the majestic simplicity of the Pollio, or the elegant sublimity of the Messiah.

As an appendix to the observations on pastoral poetry, our author considers and defends the account of Donatus in Virgil's Life. Cicero when he had heard the 6th Eclogue, exclaimed,—*Magnæ spes altera Romæ.* This has been styled an anacronism, because *even the first* was founded on an event which happened after Cicero's death. But he, from various circumstances, thinks, that though the arrangement of the Eclogues, was, undoubtedly, Virgil's own, as appears by the last verses of the 4th Georgic, and some passages of cotemporary authors, yet that the 6th was first composed. It is, indeed, improbable, that Virgil, who was twenty-eight years of age when Cicero died, should have never attempted that kind of composition, in which he so eminently excelled; and, as the internal evidence of the 6th Eclogue seems to show it to be the first of his compositions, the anecdote is not *'impossible.'* The Varus mentioned in the 6th Eclogue, Dr. Stedman thinks, is the person who had the command of the provinces beyond the Po. The Varus mentioned in the 9th Eclogue was the epic poet.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the oldest pastoral writer, in his account of the marriage of Menelaus and Helen, has inserted many passages similar to Solomon's Song. This similarity has been differently explained; but our author observes, and the observation seems to be peculiarly his own, that Theocritus, 'as history informs us, was at Alexandria with some other men of genius and literature, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus; that the version of the Mosaic law, and of the other Jewish compilations, was then in the hands of the translators in that city; that every man of taste, of letters, and

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of curiosity, would be led to look into these translations, as they were carried on; and lastly, that Theocritus would naturally incline to examine such parts of them as related chiefly to his own compositions. These conjectures are the more likely, that the pastoral in praise of Ptolomy Philadelphus is immediately followed by one which hath been observed to have a remarkable affinity to the Hebrew pastoral; and further, if this poet took his hints from Solomon's poem, he could not have chosen a subject better suited to his purpose than the nuptials of Menelaus and Helen.'

We would willingly pursue this pleasing author through some other speculations, if we did not think that we had already afforded sufficient ground for our readers, to form their *own* opinions of the merit of the work. We have already remarked the *classical* taste of our essayist, and shall give a short specimen where his elegance in this respect is conspicuous; though neither his general taste, nor his definition of it be always unexceptionable.

' Though the great painters, especially those who were happy in composition, intended their works rather for the learned than for the ignorant, it is frequently difficult to discover what part of history their pieces are meant to represent. Something that might serve as a key to passages of history, otherwise equivocal, would be of use even to those who are well acquainted both with the antient and modern historians and poets. A dying Epaminondas cannot well be distinguished from many heroes of antiquity who shared a similar fate. His last saying, therefore, would be sufficient to one who knows his story, *Satis vixi, quoniam invictus morior*. Passages of this kind have, like mottos, a poignant significance, and might be subjoined, though the subject of the painting should be sufficiently obvious. Æneas, with his father on his shoulders, his son at his side, and the city in flames behind them, must be known at first sight by all who have looked into the Æneid. But we would not examine the painting with less pleasure, were we to find there *nec me labor iste gravabit*. Milo, caught in the oak, is an excellent subject to exhibit the muscles in full exertion. If I be not mistaken, there is somewhere a fine painting, copied from the statue of Milo at Versailles, the work of Puget, one of the best modern sculptors. The following passage from Juvenal would suit it well,

————— Viribus ille
Confusus perit, admirandisque lacertis.'

Haste has betrayed our author into one little inaccuracy, which we were surprised at, and we mention it now, not to detract from his merit, for Homer sometimes nods, but to recommend a revival of it in a future edition. 'Chordâ qui sem-

semper oberrat eadem, is a passage of Horace, of which he has evidently mistaken the meaning. — ‘ This conduct in authors,’ he says, ‘ is a-kin to Horace’s musician, who, in place of diversifying his airs, thrums constantly on one or two chords.’ The meaning certainly is, and the context confirms it, ‘ who always mistakes in the same passage,’ if we may be allowed to adopt a term in modern music. Dr. Stedman’s credit will, however, suffer very little diminution from this very trifling mistake.

Treatise on Experience in Physic. [Concluded, from p. 46.]

IT is uncommon to find a German who can read, with ease, the English authors, and more so to see him enjoy those works of genius and humour, which are the peculiar pride of this eccentric nation. Dr. Zimmerman quotes Tristram Shandy and Hudibras with much delight. He had been informed that Creech hanged himself, because he had not succeeded in his translation of Horace; and expresses his surprize, that, if a failure of success can produce so melancholy a catastrophe, it is not very frequent with the German poets. The knowledge of this respectable author is very extensive; few medical facts and anecdotes have escaped his attention, and he applies them with judgment and readiness. The other parts of human knowledge are often familiar to him, and he is seldom stopped by impediments, which, at first view, appear considerable. His next book is on genius, and its progress towards experience. He considers it as an extreme perfection of *all* the faculties of the mind. The great component parts of genius are imagination and judgment; and the varieties of it, fitted for different employments, arise from the different proportions of these parts. The Genius of a king, a general, or a physician will be similar, and will require as much judgment as imagination. In war, government, and physic there are, he says, no incontestable rules; no fixed plan can be adopted in every *case*, but the mind may be said to ‘ approach rather than to embrace truth.’ It is this genius which constitutes the difference between physicians, which *almost* supercedes erudition, or at least supplies, with a moderate share of it, what a mass of learning is unequal to,

‘ Voracious *Learning* often overfed

‘ Digests not into *sense* its motly meal.’

YOUNG.

In the next chapter we are taught how to proceed on Analogy and Induction, paths still obscure, and the first scarcely more than a visible darkness. We cannot abridge it; in each he strongly inculcates caution, and points out the superior powers

powers of genius. In induction we are advised to proceed only from facts to ideas, and, from thence, we may advance to causes, which is the subject of the third chapter, where we are first guarded against errors, and secondly instructed in the manner of investigating the causes of diseases. Every one easily believes what he wishes to be true, so that we must guard against that inclination which will naturally mislead our understanding. This cause of error is still more fatal in those complex views, where the cause of the disease is involved in much obscurity. It is often difficult to select, from the mass of extraordinary appearances, those leading symptoms which are primary and essential, and by whose assistance you may arrive at the cause. With the vulgar it is still more difficult; and, when it is unattainable by a brilliant genius, assisted by extensive erudition, it will be assumed by an ignorant pretender, and supported by a credulous old woman. To those at all acquainted with the human mind, it is not difficult to say, which party will be victorious. The world is afraid of genius, and looks with a congenial affection on qualities like its own. To be grave, plodding, and stupid, is a very certain road to wealth and reputation. A physician of genius must therefore be firm and confident; he is exposed to much difficulty, his views are misconstrued, and his conduct frequently misrepresented. Those who are alone able to judge of his merit, will be unable or unwilling to interpose; and modest excellence is often the prey of assuming ignorance. These are our author's views on this subject, and he proceeds to the manner of investigating causes. They are often numerous and complicated; their influence is uncertain, and their operation is invisible. To read a pathological writer on this subject, we seem to be threatened with various and inevitable deaths, from every blast of wind or change of temperature; and, in this way, Sauvages has calculated that from seven causes, 4699 diseases may follow. These views are, however, fallacious. 'What prodigious armies we had in Flanders!' said my honest and benevolent uncle Toby,—and it is a mode of argument that would silence the philosopher, and, for a moment, astonish the mathematician. The last effect would, however, be but momentary; he would soon seize his pen and calculate the ratio of the production to the decrease. It is very true, we were ourselves ready to mount,—but we spare thee at present, gentle reader! and will return. It is well known that these causes seldom operate in a manner so permanent as to produce a disease, and that, often, the *concurrence* of many of them is requisite. It is not easy, therefore, to give rules a priori for investigating the causes of diseases. The most useful observations are collected in the following passage,

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‘ The analysis of the causes will, therefore, be an operation of some length, at the bed-side of the patient, whether his disorder be simple or compound. Every thing depends here on the art of questioning judiciously, and of this art every man is not possessed. I have often heard the most ridiculous questions put by old and uninformed practitioners, and have been hurt by the applause with which they were received. Rousseau has very properly remarked, that we ought to be well acquainted with things, before we can be able to inform ourselves of what we do not know. The Indians say, ‘ The learned man is instructed, and inquires ; but the ignorant man knows not what he is to inquire after.

‘ An inquisitive and ingenious physician, carefully examines all the circumstances which can lead to a knowledge of the true cause of a disease. He examines, not only the natural state of the air, but likewise its accidental qualities ; he aims at ascertaining, how, and in what, this air, the preceding seasons, the constitution of the present season, the exercise, regimen, sleep, excretions, or other external causes, can have altered the health of the patient. From these he proceeds to the sick body itself, by examining the state of its functions, and, especially, of its secretions, and inquiring, what was the state of these, previous to the attack ; that he may be the better able to estimate the changes they have undergone from the disease. The temperament of the patient will likewise claim his particular attention. A knowledge of this, will very often afford a greater resource, in determining both the remote and proximate causes of a disease, than any other means. We easily judge of the state of a patient, when we are previously aware of the diseases to which he has the greatest predisposition.’

Dr. Zimmerman then treats of the remote causes of diseases. These are air, aliment, drink, rest and motion, sleep and watching, excretions and retentions, passions, too great application of the mind, externals, and the state of the body comprehending temperament and idiosyncrasy. The whole concludes with the ‘ antidote to the bane,’ or some reflexions on the power of habit, which guards against the effects of the most noxious powers. It is not easy to analyze these chapters, for they consist of a great variety of separate facts, not indeed *all* equally interesting or *perhaps* authentic. They are, however, often important, and always entertaining. We shall transcribe what he says of the drink which makes so large a share of the diet of the civilized part of mankind.

‘ Tea is known to be the leaves of a shrub cultivated in China and Japan, the only countries in which it is indigenous. The Chinese distinguish many kinds of tea from the diversity of the colour, odour, taste, and figure of the leaves. Some of these distinctions are altogether arbitrary. The Chinese dealers sometimes distribute the leaves of other plants for the genuine tea. The varieties of the latter are by no means numerous ; all these
species

species are now known to be the produce of the same shrub, gathered at different seasons and prepared somewhat differently.

‘ The two principal kinds of tea are the green and the bohea. Green tea is presented in China to visitors, the bohea is in more general use throughout the empire. Cunningham distinguishes the tea that is brought to England, into fine green tea, common green tea, and bohea tea. The best bohea is affirmed to be the buds of the tea plant gathered in March and dried in the sun. The green teas are culled in May and June and dried over a furnace. The greater part of the tea that is brought into Europe comes from Canton. The dearest, and at the same time the best tea I have ever tasted, is that which is brought by the Russian caravans which go every two or three years to Pekin. This together with all the other commerce of the caravans belongs to the empress, and this tea passes into other hands only in the way of presents.

‘ Tea is adulterated by a variety of additional substances, but especially the bohea tea, which is often mixed with an infusion of Japan earth, and afterwards dried.

‘ People of the lower class, in China, boil the cheaper and inferior sort of tea in large quantities in a kettle for common drink. Persons of a higher rank drink the finer kind of tea, prepared in the same manner as in Europe, but use no sugar with it. The Tartars are the only people in China who mix milk with it. The Japanese first powder the tea, and then mixing it with water, stir it as we do chocolate till it froths, and then drink it without sugar.

‘ The Asiatics in general, but above all the Chinese, extol the medicinal virtues of tea. I have seen some Chinese prescriptions for nervous weakness, head ach, tenesmus, hemorrhoids, cardialgia, and a variety of other diseases, and of all of them tea was the principal ingredient. But it is well known how extremely partial the Chinese are to every thing that originates in their own country; and enthusiasts always see things in a false light.

‘ There are many writers, however, and those worthy of credit, who agree that the excessive use of tea occasions a variety of nervous disorders in China, and likewise diabetes, consumption, and death. The Ling Fi directs tea to be taken in small quantities, and never fasting. The author of the book Tchang-Seng, or the Art of preserving Health, says, “ I confess that tea is not agreeable to me, and that my stomach revolts at it every time I am obliged to drink it; perhaps the weakness of my constitution when young may be the cause of this antipathy.” This avowal proves how erroneously those Europeans have argued, who have attempted to say why tea is so salutary to Asiatics and so prejudicial to the inhabitants of our continent. Marvellous accounts have likewise been related of the good effects of tea in Europe. I every day hear it extolled as doing wonders, by persons who suffer extremely from its use. Two Dutch physicians, Craanen and Bontikoe, who in the last century wrote in favor of tea and perhaps

perhaps of the Dutch East-India company, asserted that the blood was in the highest state of perfection, when in the most perfect fluidity, and that with such blood there could be no disposition to disease. Dr. Bontikoe maintained that tea ought to be drank to the quantity of one or even two hundred cups a day, as a preservative from every disease, and pretended that this might be done without the least injury to the stomach.

‘ This notion was soon generally adopted, and tea was drank without moderation, with a view to thin the blood, or rather to increase the dividends of the company. Boerhaave very happily opposed the progress of this opinion and put a stop to the ravages it occasioned.

‘ We are told that tea acts as a diuretic, increases the insensible perspiration, cures head ach, drowfiness, and palpitation of the heart, renders the body active and elevates the spirits. Others are of opinion that it strengthens the stomach and intestines, and is good against indigestion and diarrhoea. There are some persons who consider strong green tea as an emetic, and yet extol its use in hypochondriacal and hysterical affection.

‘ It cannot be denied, says Baron Haller, but that tea occasions for some time a certain gaiety and liveliness. This is the reason why I recommend a moderate use of tea to healthy people. I likewise recommend it to people who are obliged to expose themselves to cold, especially travellers : and I find it very useful when drank after exposure to cold, damp air, as it soon removes the weight and lassitude which are the effects of a common cold. In what then, may we ask, consists the real advantage of tea in these cases ? Boerhaave tells us it is in the warm water.

‘ But a physician must be a Sangrado to suppose that warm water will be of use to every stomach. Hippocrates long ago told us, that too great a use of warm water softens the flesh, weakens the nerves, renders men stupid, and occasions hæmorrhages, syncope, and death. Tea will therefore be in many respects hurtful from the manner in which we take it ; whether we attribute the virtues of this beverage to the tea itself or to the fermentation of the sugar, which I do not believe by the bye, or to the warm water. I will not insist here on the assertion of the celebrated Linnæus, that all the plants which resemble the tea shrub are venomous ; because I know many ladies in Switzerland, who drink only warm water with sugar and cream, and who feel the same effects from this beverage that others do from tea. Linnæus is of opinion that we have to fear only from the use of new tea. This rule however is applicable only in China and Japan, where recent tea occasions a degree of intoxication. This is the reason why the laws of these people have determined how long the tea is to be kept before it is drank.

‘ There is something exceedingly penetrating in the nature of tea, and perhaps at the same time attenuating. It is well known that after frequent blood letting nothing gives a cadaverous complexion

plexion so soon as tea. We had a gentleman in Switzerland, who in every respect knew how to assume the tone of majesty. He was told one day that nothing elevated the dignity of a king so much as when every thing around him had a pale look. This intimation was sufficient for him. He directed all his servants to be blooded once a month, and obliged each of them to swallow fifty dishes of tea every day.

‘ The ill effects of tea, in cases of hysterical and hypochondriacal affection, are indisputable. When I studied at Gottingen, I used to drink tea in the night with a view to prevent drowsiness, and it had this effect so completely, that at the end of the two years I pursued this method both my sleep and my strength had forsaken me; and my head was as weak as my stomach. I have seen many persons of my acquaintance affected in the same manner, and from the same cause. I have since that time had occasion to observe in Switzerland, that in many of my patients tea had the effect of rendering the pulse slow and weak; and that an improper use of it very often excites flatulency and hypochondriacal affection, tremor, palpitation of the heart, vertigo, vapors, fluor albus, and sometimes deep melancholy. Dr. Freind knew a woman who had an incontinence of urine, and afterwards a suppression of the menses, brought on by tea.

‘ Many hypochondriacal people imagine they have a coldness at the stomach, and they attempt to remedy this by different methods. Some of them are careful to wear something warm upon their stomachs, others eat every thing hot. Soup they say is hurtful unless they eat it very hot. They drink their tea in the same manner. I know one of these people at Zurich, who is almost constantly with his tea pot in his hand, and he does this with a view to warm his stomach. This patient is exceedingly flatulent and subject to colic. I do not pretend to say to these people, as some of their physicians do, that they have really cold stomachs, but I call this pretended coldness an extreme degree of relaxation, and I attribute it in a great measure to tea.

‘ Our Swiss ladies would no sooner give up their tea at stated hours, than they would their card tables. This is the reason why the fluor albus is as common in this country as it is in Flanders and Holland. I sometimes succeed, though slowly, in the cure of this disease, by employing every thing that is contrary to the effects of warm water, such as bark, chalybeates and tonics in general. I have often seen this disorder in girls of ten years old. Cheyne tells us that in these times it attacks the most amiable persons of the fair sex, and is a very common cause of sterility. All the women, who are incommoded in this manner, do not indeed drink immoderately of tea, but I believe we may venture to ascribe it to this in the greater number of cases; it seeming to be indisputable, that the present general use of tea cooperates with other remote causes in the production of many diseases.’

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The chapter on the effects of too great application is very curious. The physician of many celebrated geniuses must certainly be able to speak with confidence on the diseases to which genius is only subject. The more minute anecdotes will please those who wish to know the bulk, size, or appearance of a celebrated author. 'Voltaire,' he says, 'has a triangular face, which is truly the symbol of perfection. Wieland's legs are like a pair of flutes. When Rousseau is not speaking, he leans his head upon his breast, which is a melancholy and contemplative attitude.' We wish also to transcribe a case which we fear often happens, in a less degree, from too great application; to show the easy transition from the boasted height of human perfection, to a state almost inferior to the lowest animal. Poor Swift! it was thy misfortune, that thy life did not end with thy reason.

'This Swiss divine, who might be said to unite an entire world within himself, had no other passion but the love of study. His constitution was exceedingly robust, and his health unimpaired till within a year before his death. His body was well formed, his face was of a dark complexion and thin, he eat much, and chiefly food of difficult digestion. In the article of drink he was very temperate. A year before his death he began to feel slight defluxions, to which however he did not seem to pay any attention. About six weeks before his death he began to complain of real illness; he had a little irregular fever, violent head ach, sometimes on one side of his head only, sometimes in every part of it, but which commonly went off in a few hours. He likewise complained of hypochondriacal tensions of the thorax and abdomen, and had no inclination to eat: he had disturbed sleep, and his mind seemed to be sometimes a little absent.

'The physician who was called in, was of opinion that the complaint was seated in the intestines, and recommended an infusion of carduus benedictus, but this not succeeding, he had recourse to some gentle purgatives. The patient thought himself better, and undertook to preside at the public examination of his scholars. The whole assembly remarked that this wonderful man, who had always spoken with so much elegance and precision, became prolix, and even flighty in what he said, though he still continued to speak excellent Latin. He was therefore persuaded to desist, and go home, as being too ill for business. The moment he got into bed he grew worse. He complained of intense head ach, and was seldom in his proper senses. He spoke but little, and this, contrary to his usual custom, was in Latin. He had a feeble, sickly, yellow countenance, and got but little sleep. In these circumstances, his brother was of opinion that the seat of the disease was in the head, and that the physician had mistaken the case. Dr. Itz was therefore called in, a man of great penetration, who had been employed as physician to the Prussian army, by a prince who does not measure a man's abili-

ties by his beard. This gentleman discovered the seat of the disease. He prescribed strong purges, but without effect; and likewise very stimulating clysters, which were equally inefficacious: at length a cathartic was given, of strength sufficient to purge six ordinary men, and this had a wonderful effect. The disorder diminished considerably. The patient recovered his reason and his senses. Still however, his mind indicated a considerable degree of weakness in the medullary substance.

‘ From that time he took only a dish of chocolate every day, and drank a little of the Weissembourg waters, but was not able as yet to get out of bed. They began now to have hopes of his recovery, but he soon relapsed again into stupidity. Some good woman recommended to him the Halle essence, and this completely disordered his senses again. Dr. Ith again advised the use of strong purges, and these had a good effect: he was almost wholly restored to his reason again; his appetite returned, and his evacuations were natural and easy. But soon after this he became wholly deprived of sensibility, and all his functions were confused, and at length at an end. He died in his 52d year, after having been an entire week, without affording any one mark of a reasonable being.

‘ Dr. Ith opened the body of this man, who had been so uncommon an instance of the extent and depth of the human understanding. He found the cranium very thin, and the brain, with its posterior part, of a most unusual bulk. The vessels of the dura mater, and especially of the falx, were much distended. Between the dura and pia mater, and between the latter and the tunica arachnoides, Dr. Ith found about two ounces of water; seven or eight ounces in the lateral ventricles; an ounce and a half in the third, and as much in the fourth ventricle. Thus the cause and nature of the disease were plainly demonstrated. It was this accumulation of water that converted the most exquisite genius into an animal, in the true sense of the word.

‘ All these observations prove to us the danger that may arise from too great application of the mind, especially in persons of a retired and inactive life; how simple it is for men to destroy themselves for the sake of immortality; and how much better it is with respect to health to be destined by Providence to fell timber in the forest, than to have too much taste for letters. Rousseau praises the invention of him, who on the banks of the Ooronoko, pressed the heads of new born-children between two boards with a view to flatten and lengthen them, and thus preserve them from genius. If nature, says Rousseau, intended us for health, meditation is contrary to nature; and a man who is absorbed in his reflections is therefore a degenerated animal.’

We shall make no apology for the length of this article. The work of a man whom nations have celebrated, and universities, in vain, invited—claimed our attention, independent of its intrinsic excellence. We have not always bowed with

deference

deference to his opinions; though it is but justice to observe that we have found very much much to praise, and little, very little, to blame. The labour of our analysis has been much increased by the subjects not being always sufficiently discriminated, or distinctly detailed. That, however, will be but a slight impediment to the reader, who will derive great advantages from a very attentive perusal of the whole work.

The notes of the translator are in general judicious, and relate chiefly to the modern discoveries, which Dr. Zimmerman could not have known. There is one material oversight, which he will excuse us for remarking: the Russians do not bathe in water heated to 160°. Water of 110° will be intolerable to the feet, and we have reason to think that the *hardest* hands cannot bear water heated to 120°. The Russian baths are of *vapour*, and the Russians do not, *now*, roll in the snow after the bath. The experiment is only tried, at present, as a show; and the effects are sometimes disagreeable.

Observations on the superior Efficacy of the Red Peruvian Bark, in the Cure of Agues and other Fevers. By William Saunders, M. D. 8vo. 2s. Johnson.

ON the appearance of this pamphlet we were at some pains to endeavour to trace the sensible qualities of the bark, as they had been described by different authors. Dr. Saunders imagines, that what is styled the red bark is taken from the trunk of the *old* tree, while the smaller pieces or the quill bark is the produce either of the young trees or of the branches. In the earlier periods of its use, it was indeed probable that the former should have been employed, but when the demand increased, the latter was often substituted. It is also suggested, that the Spaniards have politically recommended the smaller bark to foreign merchants, and have retained the larger for themselves; for this obvious reason, that the old trees rarely survive the operation of barking, while the young ones frequently recover, and produce again their valuable covering: so that if the world were acquainted with the excellence of the larger kind, the trees would not supply the demand, or they would be obliged to share the more precious sorts with the other parts of Europe.

Our author thinks that it was the red bark which was used by Sydenham and Morton, from the strong encomiums they bestow on it, and from the description of their contemporaries, who have written on the materia medica. Dale describes bark to be 'on the outside rough, whitish, within smooth, and of *iron* or rather an *ockry* color.' It was more easy to have

looked into the authors themselves. We cannot find however that Sydenham has left us any description of the bark which he preferred. Morton expressly tells us, that *genuine bark* resembles *cinnamon* in *color*, and that the *blackish* appearance which it sometimes has, is not *natural*. The genuine bark, he says, is 'brittle, not viscid and glutinous,' and the bad sort thick and woody. We must now give his *own* words. 'Corticem enim male electum, sensu facile deprehendemus, num scilicet sit CRASSUS & LIGNEUS, quippe TENUIS ille qui a ramulis raditur, est maxime vegetus, quia succo recenti saturatus.' Vide Exercitationes, pag. 171 & 172. A pretty careful search in the voluminous Hoffman has afforded nothing striking on this subject. He recommends bark 'purum solidum & bene sapidum.' Boerhaave and his commentator, Van Swieten, seem to trust to the credit of the merchant and druggist. The writers on the materia medica have very generally followed Dale in the description. They usually mention *both* the red and the common sorts, and many of them expressly say, that the former is the bark of the trunk of the tree. They agree also in recommending the brittle bark, which is the peculiar property of the sort which is now the object of our attention. The colour, which is often distinguished, seems in their views to afford no foundation for a preference; but we need not be prolix on this subject, as the whole is judiciously abridged by Dr. Lewis in his Dispensatory. We ought, in justice, to observe, that *they* only are the judges of Dr. Lewis's merit, who have perused the laboured and tedious descriptions of the authors from whom he has compiled his excellent abridgement.

Our labours are not however wholly useless. If the quality of the bark had degenerated, and we had used a different remedy from that employed by Sydenham and Morton, we should with pleasure have returned to it, now chance has again restored it. But, if *that had been the case*, we should have found, in subsequent authors, the different appearance of the remedy distinctly mentioned, and its diminished virtue lamented. We must probably therefore look farther for the cause of the complaints of practitioners, and endeavour to investigate, in the diseases themselves, the reasons of the inefficacy of this boasted remedy. Intermittents still rage with a sway almost uncontrouled by our formerly boasted specific.

The present work informs us of a kind of bark taken in a Spanish vessel by the Hussar frigate. It resembles the red bark of therapeutical authors, and is certainly more efficacious than that which we usually employ. We have, for this purpose, the testimony of Dr. Saunders and the united applause of many eminent practitioners; but as chance has afforded us
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this resource, it will be expedient, in a matter of such importance, to procure a more certain supply. We recollect, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1778, an account of a bark very similar to the Peruvian bark. It is in fact a species of the same genus. The *Cincona Caribbæa* L. Sp. Pl. p. 244, and in all the trials which have been made, its virtues were found to resemble those of the real bark. Independent, therefore, of the political consideration of employing the production of our own colonies, we may depend on having the bark from those parts of the trees which possess its virtue in the greatest perfection; and, what is probably of more consequence, we can have it properly and carefully dried. The Spaniards, we are told, are particularly attentive to this process, in the bark which is intended for their own consumption; but that which is sent to foreign markets is imperfectly dried and carelessly packed.

The public is particularly obliged to Dr. Saunders for his attention to this subject. We shall transcribe his account of the sensible qualities of this bark, and add, that half the usual dose of common bark is probably sufficient, and that, while the resin is in larger quantity, it contains also a greater proportion of mucilage; so that both the infusion and decoction of this kind of bark is stronger and more efficacious than that which we have usually employed.

‘ The red bark is in much larger and thicker pieces than the common Peruvian bark. It evidently consists of three distinct layers. The external thin, rugged, and frequently covered with a mossy substance, and of a reddish brown colour. The middle, thicker, more compact, and of a darker colour. In this appears chiefly to reside its resinous part, being extremely brittle, and evidently containing a larger quantity of inflammable matter than any other kind of bark.

‘ The innermost has a more woody and fibrous appearance, of a brighter red than the former.

‘ The intire piece breaks in that brittle manner described by writers on the *materia medica*, as a proof of the superior excellence of the bark.

‘ In reducing it to powder, the middle layer, which seems to contain the greatest proportion of resin, will not give way to the pestle so easily as the other layers; this should be particularly attended to when it is used in fine powder. Its flavour is chiefly discoverable either in powder or solution, is evidently more aromatic, and has a greater degree of bitterness than the common bark.’

Melampus, a Poem, in Four Books: with Notes by the late Gloster Ridley, D.D. 4to. 10s. 6d. sewed. Doddsley.

THIS performance is allegorical, and written partly in imitation of Spenser's style, and entirely so of his manner; for we have druids, philosophers, heathen gods, angels, and fairies, strangely jumbled together throughout. Prefixed to this poem is another, not mentioned in the title-page, called *Psyche*, which we are told 'was published before, and now reprinted, because the second part (*Melampus*) must have seemed abrupt and dismembered without the first.'

The author in his Introduction informs us, that 'the first part, begun in idleness without any scheme or plan, happened in the turning of the wheel to come out a kind of *Heathen Paradise Lost*, that, with the general plan mentioned in the last stanza, determined the subject of this to be the *Heathen Paradise Regained*; in which I have endeavoured to shew what lights and hopes the world enjoyed in this point before the Great Restorer was born. A view that will open to the source of the pagan superstitions and idolatries; and in some measure clear the confusion with which at present they seem perplexed; and at the same time prove a considerable confirmation of the truths of Christianity.'

We cannot entirely coincide with these opinions. The source of Pagan superstitions still appears to us concealed in shades and darkness. The doctor's taper, and other mythological lights, lately held out to scatter the gloom, and direct our steps, have by no means answered that purpose. They mislead us, like nocturnal vapours, which, after having afforded a dim unsteady light for a short time, elude our search, vanish from our sight, and leave us more bewildered than before, 'in confusion worse confounded.' Neither can we find in these poems any considerable confirmation of the truths of Christianity, though there are many good religious stanzas scattered through them. We are sorry, indeed, to say that, in this *Heathen Paradise Regained*, there are many allusions bordering on profaneness, which we are convinced the pious and learned author was very far from intending. *Psyche* (the human soul) is placed in the 'happy garden of Adonis' (Eden), permitted to enjoy all its pleasures, to gather all its fruits and flowers, the rose only excepted;

'For prickles sharp do arm the dang'rous rosiere!'

Anteros, however (the heathen Satan), not being able to overleap the mound which enclosed this garden, gains admission
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in the shape of a serpent, by means of a river that flowed through it; his appearance on the water is poetically described in the following lines.

‘ He sails along in many a wanton spire;
Now floats at length, now proudly rears his crest:
His sparkling eyes and scales, instinct with fire,
With splendour as he moves, the waves ore keft:
And the waves gleam beneath his flaming breast.
As through the battle set in full array,
When the sun walks in radiant brightness drefs’d;
His beams that on the burnish’d helmets play,
The burnish’d helms reflect, and spread unusual day.’

Soon after he wheedles poor Psyche in much the same manner as Milton’s Satan did Eve, and succeeds accordingly. Venus, enraged at her disobedience, condemns her to death; but Cupid, who is represented as ‘loving and beloved by Psyche,’

‘ Begg’d her to doff the keenness of her look,
Which Nature feeling to her centre shook.
“ Then how should Psyche bear it? Spare the maid;
’Tis plain that Anteros his spight has wroke:
Shall vengeance due to him, on her be laid?
Oh! let me run, and reach th’ ambrosial balms,” he said.’

He proceeds to intreat her that ‘he may bear the exemplary vengeance.’—‘In me let guilt adopted find a victim.’ Venus thus answers his repeated solicitations;

“ To thy intreaties Psyche’s life I give,”
(Replied the indulgent mother to her son :)
“ But yet deform’d, and minish’d let her live;
’Till thou shalt grant a better change foredone:
Nor shall that change, but thro’ death gates be won.
This meed be thine, ore her and hers to reign!
Already Nature puts her horrors on:
Away!—I to my bow’r of blifs again!
Thou to thy task of love, and voluntary pain.”

Such an allegory as this appears to us very objectionable, and is carried much farther than we choose to follow it. To represent Venus and Cupid as emblems of the Almighty and our Saviour, to shadow forth the divine wrath against the offences of our primitive parents, and the intercession and death of our Redeemer in allusion to the transactions of fictitious deities; and such deities! approaches too nearly, however well intentioned, to the ludicrous and profane. The poem concludes with Psyche’s being turned into a worm, or in the author’s words.

‘ Doom’d in a caterpillar’s shape to lout.’

We are now come to Melampus, or, the Religious Groves. Melampus was a celebrated soothsayer and physician, who lived in the age of Prætus, king of Argos, before the Trojan war, and about 1380 years before Christ. We are informed in the second stanza of this poem, that Psyche,

‘ With appetite corrupt inclines to earth
And wedded elf compos’d of slimy mud,
And different parts deriv’d from beastlihood.
From them the Elfin race and fairy strenes;
A numerous offspring, like their fire ill-thew’d;
And (as the mother’s discomposed brains
Deform’d the child) besprent with Psyche’s noyous stains.

This seems but a beastly sort of connection, and we cannot think it a very happy thought. Spenser gives a different account of their origin.

‘ But Guyon all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended; for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leasure so long leaves here to repeat:
It told, how first Prometheus did create
A man, of many parts from beasts deryv’d
And then stole fire from heaven, to animate
His work, for which he was by Jove deptry’d
Of life him selfe, and hart-strings of an Ægle ryv’d.
That man so made he call’d Elfe.’——

But we have no reason, indeed, to suppose that Spenser’s and the Doctor’s elves are of the same family. One of the most degenerate of this race is Elfenor, the votary of Eros and Anteros. The latter pursues him with as much malice and art, as he before displayed in seducing Psyche, but not with the same success; for Melampus, who is styled a Grecian druid, having impressed moral and religious maxims on his mind, he proves more than a match for his enemy. At last, after a variety of adventures, Mercury is sent to him. His approach is oddly enough described in the following lines.

‘ And, gliding through the trees on easy wings,
A form celestial skims before their eyes:
In the strong gale his fluttering mantle sings,
And wheeling round the court he forms his lessening rings.’

Now substitute *pigeon* for *form celestial*, and *pinion* for *mantle*, (though we do not thoroughly approve of the word *sings*), and it would be a very picturesque description of the flight of one of these birds, when about to settle on a dove-cot. But, notwithstanding this, and some Christian-like expressions which he makes use of in his subsequent speech, we find him to be the original heathen Mercury in full plumage.

‘ Wings

‘Wings fledg’d his feet, and wings embrac’d his head:
His fingers lightly held a feather’d wand.’

He informs Elfenor, that ‘his merits and transgressions had been hung on high in equal scales; that ‘the heavenly spirits were grieved, and fiends shouted at the comparison;’ but that Filial Love, the same allegorical personage as Cupid in the first poem, whom he likewise calls ‘Celestial Love’s eternal Son,’ interposed in his favour, represented his late penitence, and conquest over the wiles of Anteros, and by that means procured his acquittal. He farther tells him, that he was commanded to deprive him of life, and afterwards conduct him,

‘array’d in glory bright

Up to yon realms of day among the sons of light.’

Elfenor then makes a long prophetic speech about Melampus’ descendants reigning in Argos—of their being expelled from thence, and establishing druidism and true religion in Britain—about a general corruption—christianity—the reformation—subsequent abuses, &c. with a clearness and precision not to be equalled in the Sybilline oracles. He at length dies, and the poem concludes. We ought, however, to mention, that the druid Melampus, as a reward for his piety, is married to a daughter of Prætus, king of Argos, whom he met with at the Eleusinian mysteries (in the second canto), dressed, as well as her sisters, in a very peculiar manner.

‘————— each wore an heifer’s skin,
Whose long tails sweeping from their helmets wave.’

We shall make no remarks on this extraordinary line. Melampus, however, found her a prostitute, or in her own words, ‘a sinner of uncommon size,’ and converted her to a good—what shall we say, Christian or Pagan? The doctrines and tenets of each religion are so intermingled throughout, that we know not how to decide.

Yet, notwithstanding some absurdities which we have hinted at, and many others which we will not trespass on our reader’s patience to point out, we cannot but in justice acknowledge, that there is a great deal of erudition in the notes, sometimes, indeed, whimsically enough applied, which will afford both amusement and instruction; and in the poem itself many sublime passages. The conclusion of Elfenor’s speech, with which we shall close our observations upon it, strikes us in this light.

“O blind to every good! to evil prone!
O thoughtless, creeping reptiles of a day!
Heaven wakes to vengeance. Hark, the nations groan!
Kings and their armies flee in dread dismay.

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The thunders roar, the forky lightnings play;
 In horrid shower the burning sulphurs fall,
 The oceans hiss, the mountains melt away;
 Fierce fires and flames enwrap the blazing ball,
 And desolation draws her dreadful sweep o'er all.

"Happy, thrice happy, those distinguish'd few,
 Who, listening early to religion's lore,
 From earthly objects their affections drew!

Their eyes and wishes fixt on yonder shore,
 Where want, and pain, and death shall be no more.

Incessant glories beam upon my sight!

On new-sprung wings my spirit pants to soar,

And reach the regions of celestial light.

Adieu! earth's bubble breaks, and sinks in endless night."

A Vindication of the Appendix to the Poems, called Rowley's, in Reply to the Answers of the Dean of Exeter, Jacob Bryant, Esq. and a Third Anonymous Writer; with some further Observations upon those Poems, and an Examination of the Evidence which has been produced in Support of their Authenticity. By Thomas Tyrwhitt. 8vo. 3s. sewed. Payne and Son.

WE at last seem to approach to a conclusion of this celebrated controversy; for, if the several disputants had not exhausted their quivers, if the world were still disposed both to purchase and to read, yet this very decisive tract seems capable of convincing the sceptic, and silencing the infidel. Mr. Tyrwhitt, who first conducted the publication of Rowley's Poems, declined the decision of the question, though we were for some time induced to think, that he was *willing to believe* them a genuine production of the fifteenth century. If, however, he ever cherished this delusive opinion, his judgment soon corrected his credulity; and, in the Appendix afterwards published, he advanced several arguments to prove, that the poems *'were not written by any ancient author, but entirely by THOMAS CHATTERTON.'* It is this Appendix which has been pointedly attacked both by the Dean and Mr. Bryant, as well as by the anonymous author of the Remarks published by Bathurst; and of the arguments there advanced the present work is chiefly a vindication.

We have now before us a very advantageous specimen of Mr. Tyrwhitt's candor and abilities. It is not easy to read a severe attack without feeling the asperity, or to vindicate our opinion without some warmth; but whatever our author may have *felt*, his language only expresses a decent firmness, or a candid recantation; and the other arguments, which are often pointed and decisive, are distinguished by the gentleness of

of the manner, and the good humour of the expression. We have received much pleasure from this author's argument, and some improvement from his civility; but, if we had been anticipated in the use of those weapons with which we could carry on the literary warfare, Mr. Tyrwhitt has been more severely injured in the same way. We read with much pleasure a confirmation of our own opinions, and a repetition of many of our own arguments; for we are by no means so tenacious of our sentiments, as to regret seeing them employed with advantage by other hands. They, by that means, require a stability and respect which our more fugitive sheets cannot bestow. If Mr. Tyrwhitt has not quoted *our* journal, we find that he has been equally silent, where his opinions correspond with those of other critics; and though we can allow much to coincidence of sentiment, we cannot persuade ourselves that the similarity is, in every passage, *accidental*.

Mr. Tyrwhitt first endeavours to vindicate the arguments drawn from the language in the Appendix, and to examine the force of the suppositions which have been introduced, to evade every argument of that kind. The second part consists of observations on other particulars of the *internal* evidence, as, 'Phrases, Figures, Versification, &c. Thirdly, the *external* evidence is examined: and fourthly, some reasons are adduced, for believing that the poems were *all written* by THOMAS CHATTERTON.'

Before our author proceeds to vindicate the particular words, or their inflections, he takes some notice of those suppositions, which are calculated to weaken all attacks on the language. Mr. Bryant has contended, that those poems are written in the Somersetshire dialect; and Mr. Tyrwhitt takes notice of the very strange evidence which is brought to support it, viz. Gawin Douglas. He is, however, mistaken in his idea of a provincial dialect, when he states it 'not to consist so much in the use of peculiar words, as in the peculiar pronunciation of common words.' In reality, there are in the most noted dialects, particularly in the Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Devonshire dialects, a great variety of peculiar words, which would render the expressions of the inhabitants, who have conversed only with each other, almost unintelligible, independent even of the pronunciation, and the peculiar rhythmus or measure, in which the sentences are pronounced. It were easy from the vocabularies to select many of these words, but as the argument is by no means affected by it, we shall at present only observe, that it seems an object of attention to preserve these dialects, as the expressions are often nervous and forcible; as they convey an idea of many parti-

particular customs, and preserve the most undisputed specimens of the old English; but they are falling into decay, and like the old Cornish, will, in a few years, be entirely forgotten.

The Dean has positively denied that any argument can be admitted with regard either to the use, signification, or inflection of words; yet, as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, in similar circumstances, he has himself employed a similar argument. But this is not the first time we have had occasion to remark the Dean's *forgetfulness*. The third evasion is that of Mr. Bryant, who thinks that Rowley's poems may have been *modernised*. To this we have given repeated answers; but we must now attend to our author, who alleges with great justice and propriety, that the pretended care of the munificent patron of Rowley, who, by his extraordinary attention, seemed to wish that he were consigned to perpetual oblivion, had prevented any hand from effecting the change but that of Chatterton. It is improbable that Chatterton had done it, from the profusion of old words which occur in these poems, and which he might have more easily altered than explained.

The words which the supporters of Rowley had attacked are then vindicated; and the vindication chiefly rests on the very vague and distant resemblance of the Dean's, and particularly Mr. Bryant's etymologies, which are derived from every language, but that from which the expressions would probably have been deduced, and from Chatterton's meaning, being, in every respect, suitable to the context. The words which Mr. Tyrwhitt had asserted were *not used by any ancient writer*, are separately considered; the objections are, in general, answered satisfactorily, except those which have been made to '*abredynge*.' This word is candidly allowed to have before occurred, in the same sense. Of those used in a *different* sense from what had been in that age allowed, he gives up '*ascaunce*;' the rest he defends with much knowledge and address. The unusual inflections furnished Mr. Tyrwhitt with some powerful arguments, and his opponents abilities have been strenuously exerted to defeat his observations: a single word may be eluded by ingenuity; it may have been obscured in a fancied original—mistaken by an unlettered transcriber—or, if the argument require it, an unprincipled charity-boy, overlooked by a careless printer, or corrector. If, however, a word repeatedly occurs, and is as often erroneous, it proves at least that this guise of antiquity is artificial, the dress of the moment, which, though in general dextrously put on, permits, in some unguarded part, the real person to appear. We shall give a specimen of this kind respecting the word '*ban*,' as it excited the commentator's

tator's attention in the attack, and our author's in the vindication.

' We are now come to what I have called "the capital blunder, which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit; that is, the termination of verbs in the singular number in *n*." My three learned antagonists seem fully sensible of the decisive weight of this objection, and have therefore applied themselves to the combat of it with more than ordinary zeal and obstinacy. I had set down, or referred to, twenty-six instances, in which *han* is used in the poems for the present, or past, time singular of the verb *have*; with this observation, that *han*, being an abbreviation of *haveren*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the present time plural, and the infinitive mode.

' In opposition to this, Anonymus has produced twelve passages from different authors; but (what must seem very strange) not one of them is in the least to his purpose, except an old rime of nobody knows whom, in which there is this phrase; *Ich han bitten this wax*. Leaving him therefore in possession of this for the present, I shall briefly go through his other instances. "Wicliff says, we believe as Christ and his apostolus *han* taught us—the pope and the cardynals by false laws that they *han* made." These examples, says Anonymus, are contrary to the rule. Not at all: for in both *han* is the present time plural. "Verstegan says, *han* was anciently used for *have*; and to this day they say in some parts of England, *han* you any? for, *have* you any?" This too is agreeable to the rule; for, I suppose, nobody but Anonymus will dispute, that *you* and *ye*, however applied to a single person, are pronouns plural. In the first of the following instances from Chaucer—"She wende never *han* come."—*han* is the infinitive mode. In the three next—"Ye *han* herde"—"Ye *han* taken—and *han* denied"—it is the present time plural, as before in the instance from Verstegan. "On the very same page, says Anonymus, *han* is used for *had*: Our Lorde God of heven ne wolde, neyther *han* wrought hem." But he is mistaken. *Had* is there the infinitive mode. The construction is Our Lord, &c. *would not neither have made them*. In his remaining three instances—"The birds that *han* left"—"Whyle they *han* suffered"—"Justyne and his brother *han* take"—*han* is the present time plural, agreeable to the rule. And so much for Anonymus.

' Mr. Bryant allows, that *han* or *hane* in the singular number is contrary to the common usage of the times; and he allows, that it occurs sometimes in that manner in the poems. This he would impute, as usual, to the fault of the transcriber, or to a provincial way of speaking; but at last he comes to the point, and says, that "after all, there is authority for the usage of this word in the singular, by which the reading in Rowley may be countenanced." He then produces five examples. Three are
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from an ancient book called the *Pylgrimage of the Soule*, printed by Caxton, with his customary incorrectness. The first—*He that hane suffered*—I find upon inspection to be misquoted for—*Ye that hane suffered*. This therefore is not to his purpose. To the two others I answer, once for all, that *u* and *n* are so frequently confounded at the press, that I consider all appeals to printed books, of which no Mss. exist, as nugatory, and calculated rather to perplex than to decide the question. If our object is truth, why should we depart from those works of Chaucer, Gower, Occleve, and Lydgate, of which the readings may be established from authentic Mss. to collect perhaps the mistakes of ignorant copyists, or the blunders of negligent printers? It would also surely much conduce to the shortening of these discussions, if, besides confining our citations to witnesses of the best credit, we were careful to cite them for nothing, but what they have really said, and is apposite to the point in dispute. In Mr. Bryant's fourth example from *Pierce Plowman*, p. 81 l. 24. what he cites as *hane*, is *have* in my copy; and in his fifth example from Occleve, as quoted by Mr. Warton, vol. ii. p. 43.

“Of which I wont was *han* counsel and rede,”

han is the infinitive mode, and is used quite regularly. To Mr. Bryant's assertion, that “in Robert of Gloucester and Robert Brunne, the terms *han* and *hane* occur for *bad* and *have*,” I can say nothing, till the passages are produced. I cannot find in either of the Glossaries, that *han*, or *hane*, is ever interpreted *bad*. It is indeed interpreted *have* in both; but that proves nothing; for *han*, when used regularly in the present time plural or the infinitive mode, is properly interpreted *have*. Mr. Bryant should have shewn, that *han* is used, by either of these writers, in the present and past times singular, as it is in the Poems.

‘The Dean of Exeter has been very sparing of instances in support of *han* used singularly. He has produced, I think, only three; two from the Prologue to Chaucer's Testament of Love, and a third from the Testament itself at large, without referring to page or leaf. This last he might reasonably suppose, we should in any case rather admit than attempt to verify; but indeed I except, for the reasons already assigned, to all instances which are taken from the Testament of Love, or any other other books, of which printed copies only are extant. His final argument to this point is, that “in fact *han* is used in these poems as a contraction of the past tense *had*, and not of the present tense *hauen*,” as if that mended the matter, or as if my objection had not originally been, that it was used for the present, or past, time singular. The latter use of it would be, if possible, less justifiable than the former. It certainly is not the least countenanced by the quotation from Chaucer's R. R. 71.’

Mr.

Mr. Tyrwhitt then examines the other parts of the external evidence, and his observations on the versification of the pretended Rowley, deserve our attention. We were contented to leave the comparisons, adduced by Mr. Bryant, on the footing which we stated in our last Review, for we were convinced that it was exact. It attains, however, an additional credit, and by the detection of Mr. Bryant's unfairness in quotation, or rather, as our author supposes, his want of taste in the decision. We shall transcribe the whole passage.

' The comparisons, by which Mr. Bryant has attempted to prove the precariousness of our judgements on this subject, are most of them, in my opinion, inapplicable to his purpose. The first instance (p. 427 from Virgil's Gnat, by Spenser, proves only, that some lines may be less harmonious than others in the same poem. The first line indeed of the stanza, as quoted by Mr. Bryant,

" There be two stout sons of Æacus,"—
is evidently defective in its metre; but the syllable wanting may be supplied from the editions;

" There be *the* two stout sons of Æacus;"—
and when that is done (and some other little inaccuracies in the quotation corrected), I see no ground for supposing, from the language or versification of the stanza, that it was not the work of the same writer who composed the other samples; much less, that there was a century and an half (of years, or even of hours,) between them.

' In the second instance (p. 429), Mr. Bryant has contrasted (as he calls it) some verses of Spenser with some others of sir John Cheke, written in 1553, and of sir Henry Lea in 1591, with a view of shewing, that both those compositions, from their smoothness, rhythm, and language, should be deemed of a posterior age to that of Spenser. And I must confess, that, if our judgments were necessary to be formed upon the specimens produced by Mr. Bryant, there would be some ground for agreeing with him in his conclusion. But from what work of Spenser does the reader imagine that Mr. Bryant has selected the specimen, from which we are to determine the character and age of the poet? Not from the poem just cited of Virgil's Gnat; or from the Faery Queene; or from any other of the numerous compositions which he has left us in the regular heroic metre; but from the second of his Pastorals, in which, besides the studied affectation of obsolete language which runs through all the Pastorals, he has designedly made the metre rough and halting, by curtailing each verse, in one part or other, of a syllable. By this mode of contrast, not only sir John Cheke, but Chaucer himself, might be made to appear a smoother and more improved versifier than Spenser.

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' The contrast, which Mr. Bryant has formed between the two Scottish poets, Blind Harry and Bp. Douglas (p. 433), is liable to similar and equal objections. Allowing Blind Harry to have been the older writer, "it is evident," (says the learned editor of *Ancient Scottish Poems*, p. 272) "that his work, however antiquated it may now appear, has been much altered and amended." Such a work must surely be a very exceptionable authority for language. But in respect of versification, the contrast is still more improper. The verses of Blind Harry, which, though mean and hobbling enough, are in the regular heroic metre, are compared, not with the bishop's translation of the *Æneis*, which is also in the regular heroic metre, but with his Prologue to the eighth book, which is a sort of Ballad, written in stanzas of thirteen lines each; of which the nine first are in an irregular, imperfect rhythm, most resembling that of *Pierce Plowman*, with the addition of rime. Mr. Bryant has cited the nine first lines only of one of these stanzas; but to give a clearer idea of the nature of the composition which he has chosen to contrast with Blind Harry's heroic verses, I shall take leave to add here the four concluding lines of the stanza, repeating the two last of the lines cited by Mr. Bryant, for the sake of rendering the example more perspicuous.

"Sche wyl not wyrk thocht sche want, bot waistis hir tyme
In thigging, as it thryft war, and uthir vane thewis,
And slepis quhen sche suld spyn,
With na wyl the warld to wyn,
This cuntre is ful of Caynes kyn,
And syc schire schrewis."

' The only proper instance for comparison, which Mr. Bryant has produced, consists of about forty lines, extracted from certain hymns in the *Pilgrimage of the Soule*, printed by Caxton in 1483, which, Mr. Bryant tells us (p. 438), "are written in the same kind of stanza as the *Elinoure and Juga* of Rowley, and the *Excellente Ballade of Charite*;" and I have no sort of objection to let the whole controversy be determined by the similitude, or dissimilitude, which those forty lines shall be judged to have to the same number of lines taken from any part of those two poems. I must observe however, that, when Mr. Bryant states these stanza to be of the same kind, he forgets that the supposed Rowley closes his with an Alexandrine verse; a most material peculiarity, of which I know no example earlier than Spenser. The same peculiarity may therefore be reasonably urged as a very suspicious circumstance in the stanza of ten lines, in which the tragedy of *Ælla* and several other poems are written; and moreover, that such a stanza (as has been remarked in *Cursor's Observations*, &c. p. 15) was probably first used by Prior. He has told us himself, that he formed it by adding one verse to the stanza of Spenser (*Pref. to Ode on the Success of her Majesty's Arms* in 1706). Mr. Bryant's notion, that this stanza of ten lines was called *Rythme Royal* by Gascoigne,

is founded upon a misprint in Mr. Warton's History of English Poetry (vol. ii. p. 165, note.) Gascoigne says expressly, that "in Rythme Royal seven verses make a staffe." The dean of Exeter has quoted Gascoigne truly; and yet (most unaccountably) would rank stanzas of eight, nine, and ten verses under the title of Rythme Royal (Prelim. Diss. p. 31.) In the stanza of ten lines from a ballad attributed to Chaucer (Ed. Urr. p. 538), the rimes (as the dean has observed) are differently disposed from those in the *Ælla*; and there is no Alexandrine verse.

It has been already objected (as I understand from the dean of Exeter, p. 381) to the metre of the Songe to *Ælla*, "that the Pindaric, or (to speak more properly) irregular measure, was unknown, or at least not revived, in Rowley's time;" and I do not see that he has attempted to controvert the fact. This therefore may be considered as another of those metrical inventions, which were buried with the author in his iron chest, and consequently lost to posterity, till they were re-invented in a much later age. The last of these, of which I shall take any notice, and certainly not the least, is Blank-verse, of which we have two or three short specimens in the Tragedy of *Ælla*; though it has hitherto been a received notion, that blank-verse was first invented in Italy in the beginning of the XVIth century, and first practised in England by the earl of Surrey.

If the dean of Exeter was aware of this objection, he has attempted, not unably, to draw off the reader's attention from it, by the following note on the first of these passages, *Æ.* v. 552. "This is one of the very few irregular stanzas which occur in these poems; one line is wanting, and the whole stanza deficient in rime. That beginning at line 571 is also deficient in both respects." I shall take the liberty to set down at length both these stanzas, as the dean calls them. The first begins at v. 552.

Messenger. Blynne your contekions, ehiefs; for as I stode
Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,
Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded foe,
Botte blacke withe armoure, movynge ugsomlie,
Lyke a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge
To droppe yn hayle, and hele the thonder storme.

Magnus. Ar there meynthe of them?

Mess. Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none,
Seeming as tho' theie styng as persant too.'

The second, beginning at v. 571.

Second Mess. As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
I spied the crossed shielde and bloddie swerde,
The furious *Ælla*'s banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Disorder throughe ouré hoaste
Is fleyng, borne onne wynges of *Ælla*'s name;
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

'If these were intended for stanzas in rime, they must be allowed to be very irregular and deficient indeed! but, instead of imputing such gross negligence, or incapacity, to the author of *Ælla*, I am surprised that the dean did not rather urge these two passages, as proofs, that his poet was not only the inventor of tragedy among us, but also of the metre in which tragedy should be written, though, for some reason or other, he has thought proper to write the greatest part of his own in stanzas.'

The contradictions to history are numerous, but none are so striking as those which relate to Canynge; Rowley must have been informed of the truth, and he would not have dared to misrepresent it. The Dean has proved that Canynge was not the *sole* founder of Redclift church; and the Chronicles show, that his brother, who was lord-mayor of London, was not called *John* but *Thomas*. These, indeed, are trifles, but they are such trifles as could not have occurred in the real works of Rowley. In that mass of mystery and confusion, the *Dethe* of Sir Charles Bawdin, there are many inaccuracies which are entirely unsuitable to the work of a contemporary author. Thomas Canynge was mayor of Bristol at the time when sir Charles was executed, and one of his judges (see the Record in Mr. Tyrwhitt's *Introductory Account*, p. xix.); yet there is not the least allusion, in the poem, to this extraordinary circumstance; and, though the order of the procession has excited the Dean's admiration, yet the canons of St. Augustine, and the monks of St. James, are confounded under the name of *Freers*; and the former are represented in a dress unsuitable to the occasion, and unusual to their order. This confusion could not proceed from the pen of a monk, who well understood the distinction between the several societies; and it is improbable, that *he* would have changed their usual black dress to 'russet weeds;' who well knew the attachment with which each order continued the robes of their founder. Mr. Tyrwhitt has also remarked, that sir Charles Bawdin had, in reality, four children, though two are only mentioned in the poem: but we need not dwell on this circumstance; every reader will by this time think with us, that the whole story proceeded only from the fruitful imagination of Chatterton. The story of Canynge's fine may certainly have been learned from his epitaph in Redclift church: the occasion of it is unknown; that it proceeded from Canynge's having refused to marry a relation of the Wyddewille's is highly improbable, and though supported, as Mr. Bryant pompously remarks, by AUTHENTIC RECORDS, is only found in that disputed relic, the *Memoirs of William Canynge*. Mr. Bryant has, indeed, cited Mr. Tyrwhitt's account, in the introduction to the *Poems*, but

but unfortunately the *marriage* is not *once* mentioned in it; nor is there any evidence that Edward was at Bristol in that year. Mr. Bryant observes, that it is mentioned but in *one* historian, though *that one* he has not quoted, and Mr. Tyrwhitt has been unable to find him. We must go on, in our author's own words.

‘For the present however let us suppose, upon the single evidence of the *Memoirs*, that king Edward was at Bristol in September, 1467; that he formed the strange scheme of making the fortune of one of his wife's cousins, by marrying her to master Canynge; and that master Canynge had no way of avoiding the match but by stealing into orders. The account goes on to say, that “on the Fryday following he was prepared; and ordained the nexte day (i. e. Saturday), the day of St. Matthew; and on Sunday sung his first mass:” but this is a flat contradiction of the register, which says, that Canynge received his first orders on the nineteenth of September, 1467; for the day of St. Matthew, as every one knows, is the twentieth of that month; and moreover, in the year 1467 the day of St. Matthew fell not on a Saturday, but on a Sunday: another historical fact, with which the account in the *Memoirs* is totally inconsistent. Mr. Bryant indeed has hit upon a curious method of reconciling these contradictions, by supposing, that the day of St. Matthew, in the *Memoirs*, means the Vigil, or, as he calls it, the Fast of St. Matthew. i. e. in common acceptation, the day before the day of St. Matthew. If he has discovered any arguments by which he has been able to make this supposition probable to himself, I admire his ingenuity; if he can make it probable to others, I shall certainly never venture again to dispute with so powerful a master of the arts of persuasion.

‘But even if we should allow, that the day of St. Matthew may be construed to mean the day before the day of St. Matthew, yet still the account in the *Memoirs* would be irreconcilable to the register. For the *Memoirs* say, that “Canynge on Sunday sung his first mass;” an expression which can only be properly used of a priest: but the register proves, that in September, 1467, he was only ordained acolythe, and did not receive the higher orders till the March and April following. It should be remarked further, that, as Canynge at that time was only ordained acolythe, however astonished the king might be, there was no reason why he should give up his project of the marriage, as the order of acolythe, or any of the orders inferior to that of subdeacon, did not lay the person ordained under any incapacity of contracting matrimony. Canynge therefore, by such a step, would only have provoked the king, without providing himself with any security against his power.’

• The external evidence has already employed so much of our attention, that our readers will not, perhaps, regret our

omitting again to take notice of the chest with six keys, the boy's copy-books, or Mrs. Chatterton's thread-papers. Mr. Tyrwhitt has not materially elucidated this subject. The Latin deed which Mr. Bryant has quoted, and which contains an account of this famous repository, the annual visitation, &c. Mr. Tyrwhitt has probably seen, and asserts that it does not contain a single word about poems; and his whole section on this subject only supports our former assertion, that no poems have been ever seen from this chest, or any ever heard of, but those which Chatterton produced.

In the fourth part, Mr. Tyrwhitt endeavours to prove, that the poems were *entirely written by Chatterton*; and his evidence is frequently material. We have before regretted, that we were not of the number of the elect, to whom the precious originals had been shewn; and predicted, that as the most promising specimen had been probably exhibited in public, the others would more decisively detect the imposition. We shall state the several facts. The originals produced were four in number; the first and longest is lost, but by what means, we are not informed. It was, however, the metrical contest of Lydgate and Rowley, on the footing of *old friends*, though the *monk of Bury* was at least fifty years older than Rowley. It has, indeed, been pretended, that the Lydgate here mentioned may have been a different person; but all the researches in Journals, Itineraries, and Glossaries, have not yet been able to detect *another Lydgate* to whom these circumstances are applicable. There is, therefore, no further occasion to pursue the subject; the facts are alone decisive. The next fragment contains the epitaph on Robert Canynge, who is there represented as the great grandfather of William Canynge. The Dean has informed us, that this is contradicted by the pedigree of the Canynges of Foxcote, in Warwickshire, who are descended from the person just mentioned; and the only support it possesses is, *a note of Rowley's in the possession of Mr. Barret*. The third fragment contains the thirty-six first verses of The Story of William Canynge, and unfortunately mentions St. Wareburgus, whom the Dean himself calls *truly apocryphal*. In fact, in the very numerous family of saints, it has been found impossible to point out one of the same name. These are circumstances which could not have escaped Rowley; they clearly point out a hasty modern compiler, who had not the least suspicion of the ordeal which his works would be compelled to undergo. The more particular appearances of the parchment cannot easily be abridged; we shall beg leave to give them in Mr. Tyrwhitt's own words.

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I cannot part with those curious fragments, without observing, that they are very ill calculated to impress us with the ideas of their having been deposited, among other valuable curiosities, by a wealthy merchant in Redcliff church. One should rather suspect them of having been scrawled by a beggar upon scraps of parchment picked off a dunghill. The Dean of Exeter (p. 429) says, "that the hand in which the fragment of the *Storie of William Canynge* is written, is somewhat different from the *Account of Canynge's Feast*;" and I add, that the hand in which the *Epitaph on Robert Canynge* is written, differs entirely, as I remember, from both. To get rid of this difficulty, the Dean asks, "Why might they not have been transcribed by different amanuenses?" To which the answer is obvious, that neither Canynge nor Rowley could possibly have had three such execrable scribblers to write for them. I should rather advise the Dean to maintain, that the *Account of Canynge's Feast* was, as it purports to be, written by Canynge himself, being subscribed with his name. The two others, being in different hands, could not both have been written by Rowley; but one of them might. Which it is, Mr. Bryant will be able to determine best, who, it seems (p. 570), knows where to find "several manuscripts still extant, which were written by Rowley himself, and are subscribed with his name in his own hand-writing". The third perhaps might as probably be attributed to Sir Thybbot Gorges, who, being a man of quality, we may suppose, did not pique himself much upon calligraphy.

I must make another observation. In the case of the fragment containing the song to Ælla, which is written in continued lines like prose, we have been told, "that such a manner of writing is a strong proof of authenticity," it "having been usual of old, in order to save expence, by crowding as much as could be brought together within a small compass." But in each of these three fragments one side of the parchment is blank, without any writing upon it. How are we to account for this total neglect of the old æconomy? If the former method of writing was a proof of authenticity, this waste of precious parchment must be considered as a proof of spuriousness. But there is a still more material observation to be made upon the fragment, which contains the beginning of the *Storie of William Canynge*. It is particularly described by the Dean of Exeter, p. 428, who tells us, "that the four or five first lines in it are the conclusion of Rowley's List of skilled Painters and Carvellers." This fragment therefore must be supposed to have made part of the book containing Rowley's List of skilled Painters and Carvellers, of which several copies from Chatterton's transcript are extant. But if this fragment made part of a book, it is difficult to conceive how one side came to be left without any writing upon it. If the written side be (*folium rectum*) the upper side of the leaf, we should naturally expect to see the continuation of the poem on the other; if it be (*folium versum*) the under side of the leaf, we should as naturally expect

to see on the other side the preceding part of the List of skilled Painters and Carvellers. It seems incumbent upon the advocates for the genuineness of the parchments to clear up these matters.'

Mr. Tyrwhitt next considers the *inducements* which he had for such a forgery, and his abilities to execute it. The *first* is an endless task; it must be a Chatterton only, who can judge of the circumstances which could have induced a Chatterton; who can *feel* the splendid delusive colouring of such a prospect; who could be tempted to risk the means of life, and life itself, for the gaudy triumph of a summer's day, for the glory of a moment. We have already given *our* opinion on this subject. Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks that his first essays were 'for his own private amusement; the suggestions of an active irregular mind, eking out the scanty supplies of knowledge which came within its reach, by invention;' that, what was at first amusement, soon became a business, from his seeing a possibility of deriving *emolument* and *consideration* from it; and that the first imperfect essays required a continuation of more perfect productions, to support the fraud, of which they had laid the foundation.

—His abilities we have already examined; Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks, with us, that they may have been equal to every thing which has been produced under the name of Rowley. The objections he distinctly considers, under the several heads of want of *genius*, *acquired knowledge*, and *time*. It is not easy to follow our very exact and intelligent author in this tract: he has added, however, to the stock of Chatterton's probable resources, Bristollia, or Memoirs of the City of Bristol, where much of the information which Mr. Bryant has collected respecting Brithrick, and some other names, may be found. We think, however, that we need not seek farther than Camden: the earlier editions of this work are very common. With respect to the time required for these compositions, Mr. Tyrwhitt tells us that, if he had written twelve verses in a day, the whole of Rowley might have been produced within one year; but we know that Statius composed his Epithalamium, consisting of two hundred and seventy-two verses, within forty-eight hours; and Chatterton's ode on happiness, consisting, we believe, of one hundred and forty verses, is said by Mr. Croft to have been written in less than half the time. Much time is therefore left for his archæological labours; and Mr. Barret has informed our author, that there was in Chatterton's possession a SECOND GLOSSARY, containing the MODERN ENGLISH OPPOSED TO THE OLD WORDS. It is not easy to find any use to which this dictionary could be applied, but the scattering an artificial antiquity on modern poems. We are not able to find language

language to reprehend the disingenuity with which this circumstance has been hitherto concealed by the *public supporters* of Rowley's claims. It is highly improbable that Mr. Barret should have mentioned the fact only to Mr. Tyrwhitt.

In confirmation of the same opinion, that the poems were entirely written by Thomas Chatterton, our author resumes his vindication of the appendix, and shews, that the poet has copied the errors of the common lexicographers. He had supposed that Skinner was his oracle in old English, but he now allows, with more probability, that honour to Kersey. It is not worth a dispute whether Kersey or *his copyist* Bailey, were his instructors; but it is certain that some other authority than Speght sometimes guided him, since the explanation of '*Dygne*,' is inconsistent with that of Speght, and very like Bailey's. Kersey may have been easily procured by Chatterton, but *we* have not been fortunate enough to obtain a copy of it, and it is very immaterial to determine this question with accuracy; for it is enough for our purpose, that he has copied the errors of those Glossarists whom he could have easily consulted.

As, in the former instance, we selected a passage, which, from its frequent occurrence must have peculiar weight; we shall now follow the same plan in transcribing his observations with respect to the prefix.

'From two of these words, Aborne and Acrool, which differed a little from their originals, I took occasion to remark, that "it was usual with Chatterton to prefix *a* to words of all sorts, without any regard to custom or propriety;" and I referred to the following instances in the Alphabetical Gloss. *Aboune, Abrewe, Acome, Adyne, Agrame, Agreme, Alest*, &c. Of these instances the Dean has attempted to justify only one, viz *Agrame*, or *Agreme*, which, he says, occurs in the Plowman's Tale of Chaucer, v. 2283.

Then wol the officers be *agramed*.

But I wonder he did not see, that *agramed* is a participle, and therefore gives no countenance to the use of *Agrame*, as a noun, in the poems. To take an obvious example; *Agrieved* is a regular word; but no one, I believe, ever met with such a compound noun as *Agrief*.

'The Dean goes on to justify his author, generally, in prefixing *a* to words of all sorts, from the practice of Chaucer, and the observations relating to this prefix, both in Urry's and my Glossary. But he forgets that his author is not charged simply with prefixing *a* to words of all sorts, but with prefixing it without any regard to custom or propriety. No one ever doubted that words of all sorts, beginning with *a*, are to be found in all authors. The question is, whether this initial *a* is usually added arbitra-

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rily, without any authority from custom, or any change in the signification of the word.

“As the Dean has done me the honour to refer to my observation on this subject, I shall take the liberty to repeat it here from the Glossary to C. T. vol. v. p. 2. “A in composition, in words of Saxon original, is an abbreviation of *af*, or *of*; of *at*; of *on*, or *in*; and often only a corruption of the prepositive particle *ge* or *y*. In words of French original, it is generally to be deduced from the Latin *ab*, *ad*, and sometimes *ex*.” I cannot see how this observation can be applied to justify such an arbitrary use of the initial *a*, as appears in the words above quoted from the poems. That they are all unauthorised by custom is confessed; and it is as plain, that the additional *a* has no operation whatever but that of lengthening them. The Dean himself takes notice, that these words “are sometimes used by our poet without the prefix, as *boune*, *come*, *derne*, *dygne*, *left*, &c.” and he might have added, in exactly the same signification.

Mr. Tyrwhitt next endeavours to defend some of Chatterton's misrepresentations; but we are unable to follow him.—We shall, however, for the entertainment of our readers, select his remarks on one of the words.

“I will only add here one of those words, in the explanation of which Chatterton is supposed to have failed, because “the Glossaries, in which alone they existed, were not in his hands, nor was it within his ability to understand them if they had been before him.” [Milles, p. 514.] In the *Metamorphosis*, v. 9.

“Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred *deffs*

“That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched clefs.

“The *blue-hayred deffs* (says the Dean of Exeter in his note) “are explained by Chatterton as meteors or vapours; they rather mean spectres or fairies, which might be supposed to inhabit these cliffs. *Deffe netyll*, in the P. Parv. is explained *Archangelus*, *Deffe* therefore may signify spirit.” From this conclusion the Dean proceeds to draw several ingenious corollaries, which may be read in his book, I shall only briefly examine the conclusion it itself. *Deffe netyll* is explained *Archangelus*; therefore *deffe* may signify spirit. I shall not dispute the connexion of *Archangel*, *Angel*, *Spirit*, *Spectre*, and *Fairie*; though, according to the position of the words, one might perhaps more probably infer, that *deffe* signified *arch*, and *netyll*, *angel*; but the truth is, that *Deffe netyll*, in the Prompt. Parv. means neither more nor less than *Dead nettle* (a weed more commonly called *Dead nettle*), of which the technical name is *Archangel*. How unfortunate was poor Chatterton, that the Glossaries, in which alone such curious learning is to be found, were not in his hands, and that he was not even able to understand them, if they had been before him! For lack of erudition, he was frequently obliged to have recourse to his own invention, of which, in the present instance, he has certainly availed himself as successfully as the Dean

Dean has of his Prompt. Parv. for though I believe meteors, or vapours to be not a less fanciful interpretation of *deffs* than spectres or fairies, its total want of foundation cannot so easily be demonstrated.'

The last argument of any weight, which has been urged against Chatterton's claim is, that the poems contain many things which Chatterton could not have known. Many of these circumstances are found to have occurred in authors known to have been in his hands. In a sermon pretended to have been written by Rowley, there is a quotation from Gregory Nazianzen; the Greek quotation, it is contended, could not have proceeded from the pen of Chatterton. Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, has given a fac simile of Chatterton's copy from the original, and contends very justly, that he must have copied the Greek *exactly*, as he was very ignorant of the force of the several characters: but unfortunately the Greek letters are modern; and if they were not the production of Chatterton, they certainly could not belong to Rowley. The Latin quotations, in the story of John Lamington, are to be found in Cato's Distichs and Sentences of Publius Syrus. These are usually bound together, and are a common school-book. It is not to the credit of the Dean's attention, for we *ought not* to suspect his scholarship, to remark, that, 'from the *correctness* of the *Latin* they must have been written by a better scholar than Chatterton,' while in the several passages, '*rectate* vivas' is written for '*recte* vivas', and '*verborum mala*' for '*verba malorum*.'

The historical allusions, which Chatterton could not have known, in the opinion of Mr. Bryant, have been before considered. Mr. Tyrwhitt agrees with us in thinking many of them empty words, or the sportings of a lively imagination. In others, common truths are mixed with very probable falsehoods. The few facts really historical, which coincide with history, are then noticed. The first is the burning of Redclift Church. We concluded that this was obtained from some of the papers in the church; we thought so, from the probability of this accident being mentioned in those papers, and by his having the manuscripts, or copies from them, when he mentioned the circumstance to his friend Smith. But this is not the only resource; for Mr. Tyrwhitt informs us that, 'in 1746 was published at Bristol a print of St. Mary Redclift's Church, with an account of its foundation, &c. by one John Halfpenny: in which was recounted the ruin of the Steeple in 1446, by a tempest and fire.' With respect to the foundation of the Temple Church on piles, it is still apocryphal; when the story, in Mr. Bryant's language, was '*verified*,'

sed, no one saw the piles ; and it is still to be determined, whether the history is handed down by tradition, or is an additional proof, to give it the softest name, of the sportings of his imagination. Of the Saxon earles, which Mr. Bryant pretends to have authenticated from Domesday, he has not produced any evidence, for one. 'It happens, says our author, rather unluckily for the credit of our poetical historian, that in this Hereward, a really historical character, we find a perpetual contradiction to history. He is represented as born at Sarum, though he was in all probability a native of Croyland ; he is repeatedly called an earl, though he certainly never was one ; he is introduced at the battle of Hastings, though he was undoubtedly at that time not in England : and he is said to have been killed there, H. 1. 409. though he is known to have survived that battle many years.'

We shall conclude our account of Mr. Tyrwhitt's very exact and conclusive performance, with his observations respecting the tournament.

'But the Dean's most formidable argument is drawn from the poem of the Tournament ; 'the ceremonial of which (he says, p. 305) is so well adapted to the customs of that age, that it could not have been so accurately described by any subsequent writer, who was not perfectly instructed in the ancient formulary : Chatterton therefore could not have been the author.' That Chatterton was not perfectly instructed in the ancient formulary of tournaments, I can readily allow ; but how has the Dean established the other part of his premisses, "that the ceremonial in the poem is well adapted to the customs of that age ?" Whether he means the age of Bourton, or that of the supposed Rowley, it seems to me, that the first and leading idea of the whole poem, the introduction of an alderman of Bristol tilting with knights, must have been not only ridiculous but offensive in any age, while the true ceremonial of tilts and tournaments was observed. But, waiving for the present that fundamental objection, I go on to remark shortly, that the Herald, throughout the whole poem, takes much more upon him than his office, which was merely ministerial, could warrant.—The form of challenge between Bourton and Neville ; (ver. 87)

'I clayme the passage.' 'I contake thie waie ;'
is quite unapplicable to a tilting-match, in which the two combatants ran in parallel lines, with a low partition of wood or cloth between them, and their object was, not to stop the passage of each other, but, in passing, to break their respective lances with a good grace.—The sequel of this, when Bourton replies, ver. 88,

'Then there's mie gauntlette on mie gaberdine,'
is equally incongruous. The Dean indeed has observed, that "the throwing down the gauntlet was the usual form of challenge ;"

lenge;" and so it was to a duel; but where can he shew an instance of its having been practised at a tilting-match?—The arrangement proposed by De Bergham, ver. 105. seq. and the orders of the Herald, ver. 121, seq. are, I am persuaded, quite fanciful, and unsupported by any ancient custom; though the Dean has been pleased to assert, "that the latter are so much in character, that they could not have been dictated by any person who was ignorant of the ceremonial, or a stranger to the rules of tournament." I wish he had told us where we may find that ceremonial and those rules.—I will only take notice of one more impropriety, which is, that Bourton, the conqueror in the tilts, is declared King; *Kynge of Tournay-tilte*, ver. 155. That title, in some countries, was given to the presidents, or judges, of the tournament, but never, as far as I am informed, to the victorious combatant.—When these things have been duly considered, the reader will determine, whether the poem of the Tournament is constructed according to a formulary of really ancient usages, which lay out of the reach of Chatterton, or whether it displays that mixture of ignorance and invention which marks him, in a peculiar manner, for the author.'



We shall probably have no occasion to resume the subject; learning and science, wit and humour, have been alternately employed in defending or destroying Rowley's claim. We have, indeed, regretted their misapplication; for, though, in every view, it might add somewhat to the history of the human mind, and teach us, either not to limit our ideas of excellence to the productions of our own era, or to judge that impossible, which we ourselves could not perform, yet the end obtained cannot bear any reasonable proportion to the time and labour employed. What is really true of the admirable Crichton; what is properly authenticated, with respect to Philip Barretier, is enough to humble the pride of those drudges in literature, who labour to accomplish what genius intuitively attains. The polish of learning, the acquisition of a taste, which arises from comparing and selecting modes and arrangements of expression, though it may very clearly and decidedly point out an author, can add very little to our knowledge of the progress of our attainments. This *must* be modern, as certainly as the ornaments of the capital *must* succeed the invention and erection of the column; and whatever may have been the origin of these disputed relics, the form and appearance is necessarily that of the transcriber. After this laborious and extensive review, it may be expected that we should with pleasure resign the pen, and leave the whole to the clouds of dust and cobwebs, which have enveloped many antiquarian discussions. As we have been flattered, however, with having conducted our view of the dispute

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pute with some candour and attention, we would wish, at parting, to recapitulate, in a very few words, the *present state* of the *controversy*; to point out what has really been done; and, if any thing farther is intended, what is expected by the candid and dispassionate. If we have ever inadvertently assumed the guise of a disputant, we shall now put it off; and, having acknowledged our errors, shall endeavour to act entirely in our own sphere.

It is remarkable, at the first view, that poetry should ever be preserved with those grants and immunities, which relate to the temporal state of the church. It is more so, that a patron should consign his own praises to oblivion, with the same jealous care that a miser would hoard his money, or an antiquary his medals. This striking difficulty is increased by another circumstance. At all the annual visitations, not the least rumour seems to have escaped, respecting the consignment of poetry; the attorney, who reviewed the parchments for a particular purpose, seems never to have suspected it; Chatterton's father, himself a poet, who had carried away many of the MSS. has never left us the least hint about it; Morgan and Perrot, who are said to have examined them, are equally silent. This difficulty, this stumbling-block, even in the threshold, should have been more fully attended to; it affords the strongest presumption, that there never was any poetry in this famous repository. From the hands of Chatterton only have we received it. He was undoubtedly a boy of genius and spirit; of consummate pride, and uncontrollable passions. His evidence is positive and consistent; when detected in one seeming error, he does not abandon the pursuit; his genius rises with the difficulties opposed to it. 'It is in adversity that he *shines*; when he is pressed, his elasticity is inexpressible.' But his evidence, when compared with other circumstances, is suspicious; he *confessed* that the first Battle of Hastings was *his own*. He is *known* to have endeavoured to give parchment a fictitious appearance of antiquity; and of near four thousand lines, which he has given as Rowley's, he never produced originals for more than a hundred and twenty-four. These originals are dirty scraps, in an obscure scrawling hand, with an *affected* penury of parchment, in an age when parchment was not dear; when hand-writing was highly cultivated by the religious orders, though they are attributed to a monk, whose patron was one of the most opulent merchants of a city which had a very large share of the commerce of that rude age. This is still a striking contradiction, which the supporters have scarcely defended.

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The doubts which the *internal evidence* have suggested, though supported with more ingenuity, are not less important. After all that has been said, we must still allege, that the *meaning* of the words, *which is supported by the context*, does *not* agree with their ancient signification, but with the erroneous interpretations of modern glossarists. Their arrangement and inflections are more decidedly modern; and the luxuriant language and poetical spirit are equally inconsistent with the profession of a *monk*, and a person of the pretended era. Though we have been deprived of Chatterton's Septuagint, he has been detected in his *more exact* historical allusions; he has been detected in the streams, from which he has taken full draughts of poetry, and sometimes we have been enabled to show the very *book* from whence he has been taught. The very pointed and exact imitations which have been adduced, cannot be eluded by ingenuity, cannot be opposed by argument; and, yet, all these circumstances must be obviated, before the more dispassionate judges can be convinced. This is nearly the present situation of the controversy and the combatants.—After this short view, we cannot be blamed for alledging that, in our opinion, the CAUSE OF ROWLEY IS HOPELESS!

We respect the character and learning of the Dean of Exeter; we admire Mr. Bryant's ingenuity and abilities. They have both failed, in estimating their cause too highly, and assuming the position which they intended to investigate. On this plan they have not applied to those authors where the information might have been probably procured, but to those only which could support Rowley's claim. They have entered the lists, not as modest enquirers, but as determined combatants; and have pursued their enquiry, not as cautious investigators, but as confident defenders. Their merits are however in many respects indisputable, and we may be allowed to conclude,

————— si Pergama dextris
Defendi possent, etiam *his* defensa fuissent.

Observations on our Lord's Conduct as a Divine Instructor: and on the Excellence of his Moral Character. [Concluded from page 137.]

WHEN we consider the character of our Saviour, as it is exhibited by the Evangelists, we find something in it wonderfully great and exalted; something infinitely superior to that of an ordinary Jew, or the contrivance of the most art-

ful impostor. Every thing appears to have been admirably calculated to answer the great scheme of Providence, and to bear the stamp and signature of consummate wisdom.

No station, no character, no mode of instruction would have been so proper, as that very station, character, and mode of instruction, which the author of our religion preferred.

If he had appeared among the Jews with all the power and grandeur they expected; if he had accommodated himself to their designs, taken advantage of their prepossessions, affected popularity, and commenced a powerful prince, and a triumphant hero; if he had published his laws by an indispensable decree, and enforced his authority by the sword, men would have exclaimed against his ambition, and branded his religion, as the effect of arbitrary power, the dictates of a tyrannical usurper; they would have had reason to complain, that his example was not calculated for the generality of mankind; that it was only to be imitated by kings, or tyrants.

If he had chosen a middle station, enjoyed an affluent or an easy fortune; if he had instituted his religion under the protection of a peaceful government or popular approbation; if he had descended with age and honour to his grave, men would have complained, that he had enjoyed the sweets of prosperity, and his followers suffered the bitterest adversity; that he had met with ease and honour, they with disgrace and persecution; that, in short, he had gratified his own desires; but had imposed upon his disciples a life of self-denial, patience, and resignation.

To prevent these dishonourable insinuations, our divine lawgiver appeared in a state of the lowest debasement. He knew, that sounding titles, great riches, and splendid retinues, were but accidental distinctions, no certain characteristics of real worth; and therefore he chose to shew the world an example of true magnanimity, and a generous contempt of worldly pride and ostentation.

The whole course of his life undeniably proves, that his soul was elevated above the pursuit of riches and popular applause; and when it was expected that he would declare himself to be the Messiah, and assume a regal authority, he shewed his divinity by his moderation; he renounced all pretensions to the dominions of the world, and erected a kingdom of righteousness, or as he emphatically styles it, 'the kingdom of heaven.'

To give a sanction to the lowest station, to comfort the sons and daughters of affliction, and exemplify that patience and humility which he taught, he passed through a scene of poverty and

and self-denial, and went before his pious martyrs through a bloody path to glory.

If his gospel had been adorned with all the arts of human eloquence, if it had contained a system of elaborate disquisitions and metaphysical reasoning, it might have been studied and admired by men of learning and leisure, but to the greater part of mankind it would have been entirely useless; it would have been calculated for philosophers rather than the illiterate; we should have lost the most evident proofs of its divinity; its amazing progress would have been ascribed to the captivating charms of oratory, and not to the over-ruling power of divine Providence.

In the present case all those objections are avoided. And what is more extraordinary, his moral precepts have stood the test of seventeen hundred years; and no human genius has ever yet improved the Christian system, or suggested any one article more conducive to the glory of God, or the benefit of mankind. Whatever falls short of evangelical purity is erroneous or defective; whatever goes beyond it is visionary and romantic.

These and the like reflections naturally suggested themselves, on contemplating the conduct and character of Christ; and the matter and manner of his instructions, as they are represented by the evangelical writers, and this excellent author.—But this is, in some measure, a digression, and we proceed to the work before us.

His Lordship, having reviewed the matter and the manner of our Saviour's instructions, and the proofs which he gave of his divine mission, by uttering a variety of prophecies, that were exactly fulfilled, in the next place considers his miracles.

To this inquiry he subjoins the following remarks, with others equally pertinent and judicious.

‘Miracles were never wrought, but by the immediate agency of God; or by a superior being, whom he appointed for the special purpose of supernaturally interfering in this lower world. . . There have been surprising effects among men, not immediately or mediately produced by the Deity, which have carried the appearance of miracles; but these are resolvable into natural causes, and have been deemed supernatural through mistake or delusion.

‘The most probable account of the duration of miracles after our Lord's time is, that, as the apostles alone had the high privilege of conferring spiritual gifts, among which was the power of working miracles, these gradually ceased, as that generation became

became extinct, to which the apostles had communicated this power.

‘ Miracles are as capable of being supported by proper testimony, as any other actions of which men are eye-witnesses. To say, that we will not believe them, because we have not seen them ourselves, is making our own personal experience the test of all possible facts : it is saying, that, because there is an ordinary and established course of nature, this cannot be set aside by the omnipotent Being who first arranged it, though for moral and religious purposes, the greatest and the most worthy of his benevolent interposition, which can be conceived.

‘ The conduct of Jesus, respecting his reserve about his Messiahship, and the occasional concealment of his miracles, is so far from affording any just ground of objection, that it appears amiable, wise, and necessary ; that it furnished an example of prudence and humility to his immediate followers, in the exercise of his miraculous powers, and was remarkably opposite to the ostentatious manner of an impostor.’

The second part of this work contains observations on the excellence of our Lord's moral character, his piety, benevolence, compassion, justice, temperance, meekness, humility, fortitude, veracity, natural affection, and friendships ; his conduct towards those in authority, and towards his country, his patience, and other virtues.

As we cannot extend this article by many large quotations, and yet wish to give our readers a proper notion of that exalted character, which this writer has delineated, we present them with the following recapitulation.

‘ When our Lord is considered as a teacher, we find him delivering the justest and most sublime truths with respect to the divine nature, the duties of mankind, and a future state of existence, agreeable in every particular to reason, and to the wisest maxims of the wisest philosophers ; without any mixture of that alloy which so often debased their most perfect productions ; and excellently adapted to mankind in general, by suggesting circumstances and particular images on the most awful and interesting subjects.

‘ We find him filling, and, as it were, overpowering our minds with the grandest ideas of his own nature ; representing himself as appointed by his Father to be our instructor, our redeemer, our judge, and our king ; and shewing that he lived and died for the most benevolent and important purposes conceivable.

‘ He does not labour to support the greatest and most magnificent of all characters ; but it is perfectly easy and natural to him. He makes no display of the high and heavenly truths which he utters ; but speaks of them with a graceful and wonderful simplicity and majesty. Supernatural truths are as familiar to his mind, as the common affairs of life to other men.

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• He takes human nature as it came from the hands of its Creator ; and does not, like the Stoics, attempt to fashion it anew, except as far as man had corrupted it. He revives the moral law, carries it to perfection, and enforces it by peculiar and animating motives : but he enjoins nothing new besides praying in his name, and observing two simple and significant positive laws, which serve to promote the practice of the moral law. All his precepts, when rightly explained, are reasonable in themselves and useful in their tendency : and their compass is very great, considering that he was an occasional teacher, and not a systematical one.

• If from the matter of his instructions we pass on to the manner in which they were delivered, we find our Lord usually speaking as an authoritative teacher ; though sometimes justly limiting his precepts, and sometimes assigning the reasons of them. He presupposes the law of reason, and addresses men as rational creatures. From the greatness of his mind, and the greatness of his subjects, he is often sublime ; and the beauties interspersed throughout his discourses are equally natural and striking. He is remarkable for an easy and graceful manner of introducing the best lessons from incidental objects and occasions. The human heart is naked and open to him ; and he addresses the thoughts of men, as others do the emotions of the countenance or their bodily actions. Difficult situations, and sudden questions of the most artful and ensnaring kind, serve only to display his superior wisdom, and to confound and astonish all his adversaries. Instead of shewing his boundless knowledge on every occasion, he checks and restrains it, and prefers utility to the glare of ostentation. He teaches directly and obliquely, plainly and covertly, as wisdom points out occasions. He knows the inmost character, every prejudice and every feeling, of his hearers ; and accordingly uses parables to conceal or to enforce his lessons : and he powerfully impresses them by the significant language of actions. He gives proofs of his mission from above, by his knowledge of the heart, by a chain of prophecies, and by a variety of mighty works.

• He sets an example of the most perfect piety to God, and of the most extensive benevolence and the most tender compassion to men. He does not merely exhibit a life of strict justice, but of overflowing benignity. His temperance has not the dark shades of austerity ; his meekness does not degenerate into apathy. His humility is signal, amidst a splendour of qualities more than human. His fortitude is eminent and exemplary, in enduring the most formidable external evils and the sharpest actual sufferings : his patience is invincible ; his resignation entire and absolute. Truth and sincerity shine throughout his whole conduct. Though of heavenly descent, he shews obedience and affection to his earthly parents. He approves, loves, and attaches himself to amiable qualities in the human race. He respects authority religious and civil ; and he evidences his regard for his country by promoting its most essential good in a painful ministry dedicated

to its service, by deploring its calamities, and by laying down his life for its benefit. Every one of his eminent virtues is regulated by consummate prudence; and he both wins the love of his friends, and extorts the approbation and wonder of his enemies.

‘Never was a character at the same time so commanding and natural, so resplendent and pleasing, so amiable and venerable. There is peculiar contrast in it between an awful greatness dignity and majesty, and the most conciliating loveliness tenderness and softness. He now converses with prophets lawgivers and angels; and the next instant he meekly endures the dulness of his disciples, and the blasphemies and rage of the multitude. He now calls himself greater than Solomon, one who can command legions of angels, the Giver of life to whomsoever he pleaseth, the Son of God who shall sit on his glorious throne to judge the world. At other times we find him embracing young children, not lifting up his voice in the streets, not breaking the bruised reed nor quenching the smoking flax; calling his disciples, not servants, but friends and brethren, and comforting them with an exuberant and parental affection. Let us pause an instant, and fill our minds with the idea of one who knew all things heavenly and earthly, searched and laid open the inmost recesses of the heart, rectified every prejudice and removed every mistake of a moral and religious kind, by a word exercised a sovereignty over all nature, penetrated the hidden events of futurity, gave promises of admission into a happy immortality, had the keys of life and death, claimed an union with the Father; and yet was pious, mild, gentle, humble, affable, social, benevolent, friendly, affectionate. Such a character is fairer than the morning star. Each separate virtue is made stronger by opposition and contrast; and the union of so many virtues forms a brightness which fitly represents the glory of that God “who inhabiteth light inaccessible.”

‘Such a character must have been a real one. There is something so extraordinary, so perfect, and so godlike in it, that it could not have been thus supported throughout by the utmost stretch of human art, much less by men confessedly unlearned and obscure.’

The author subjoins some observations on the testimony, which has been borne to our Saviour's character by his enemies, and on the manner in which the evangelists delineate his character; concluding with proofs, in his conduct, that he was not an impostor.

Sharpe, Lardner, and others, have furnished us with a great number of Jewish and heathen testimonies, which illustrate and confirm the gospel history; but they have omitted the testimony of enemies, as it stands in the sacred records themselves, probably because it supposes their authenticity. Our author very properly takes up the argument on this ground, as it serves to shew in what a variety of lights the truth of our religion

religion may be placed, and is a circumstance which furnishes after-ages with strong reasons for conviction.

With respect to the manner in which the evangelists delineate our Lord's character, he observes, that the sacred historians widely differ from writers who frame a fictitious character.

Nothing, he says, can be more simple and artless than the manner, in which this consummate character is drawn. It arises from facts, and often from slight incidents; and in many places, it is so finely interwoven with the plainest narrative, that it can only be traced by a curious and attentive eye.

The evangelists most impartially relate whatever seems to diminish our Lord's character in the estimation of prejudice and worldly-minded men. His mighty works are no where magnified. Important circumstances in parallel histories are often suggested by a single evangelist. There is no rhetorical gradation in the account of his miracles. The evangelists are remarkably free from encomium on the subject of their history. They do not extol in words our Lord's virtues and wisdom, but compel their readers to feel that he was virtuous and wise, by a detail of his actions and instructions. His character is also delivered without any parallel between his unclouded perfection and the virtues of other holy men, which were shaded by great defects, or by aggravated crimes. There is no contrast between his meekness, uprightness, and other virtues, and the rage, injustice, and other vices of their enemies. The evangelists also remarkably abstain from censure on the conduct of his enemies. They honestly relate many circumstances, which actually disparage their own characters, or which prejudice unthinking men against them or their cause. The author adds: 'It is particularly observable of the evangelists, and indeed of the inspired writers in general, that no one of them speaks of the insufficiency of his own abilities, notwithstanding the greatness of the subject, which he undertakes. In the genuine books of Scripture there is no such language as the following: 'If I have done well, as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto†.' The authors of the sacred books shew a consciousness, that they were writing under the all-sufficient influence of the Spirit.

Infidels and sceptics are prejudiced against the history of our Saviour. But if they would condescend to read this excellent

† 2 Maccab. xv. 38.

work, they would find, that his life is a most instructive, a most interesting, and a most important subject; they would find that his doctrines and precepts are more just, more pure, more sublime, than any instructions which were ever delivered to mankind by the greatest philosophers of Greece and Rome; that his conduct was more endearing, and his philanthropy more extensive, than either the conduct or the philanthropy of the most illustrious patriots of those nations; and, lastly, that the boasted composure of Socrates, in his last moments, is not worthy to be compared to the serenity, the meekness, the benignity of Jesus Christ, before he expired in torments. To have invented such a character, and all those incidental circumstances, with which it is illustrated, would have been a miracle in literature, superior to any one that the world has ever produced.

The History of Scotland. By Dr. Stuart. [Concluded, from p. 36.]

A MIDST the important events which employ the attention of Dr. Stuart, in the interesting reign of queen Mary, he displays particular industry and penetration, in respect of the trial which this princess underwent in England, upon the charge against her by the earl of Murray, of having murdered the king her husband. The public papers, relative to this trial, were never accurately collected, until Mr. Goodal engaged in that undertaking. But though the materials he has rescued from obscurity, be copious and often decisive, the later historians of Mary, from a pre-conceived aversion to his opinions, from their adherence to a hypothesis too generally, but unjustly assumed, or from the irksomeness of attending to dry and antiquated records, have not bestowed sufficient labour, either for understanding, or rendering them subservient to the illustration of historical events. Accordingly, their details of this memorable trial are general, partial, and inexplicit. But Dr. Stuart, intent upon his subject, and zealous to correct the errors, as well as to supply the defects, of former writers, appears to have read and studied, with an anxious curiosity, all the papers and public records that could throw any light upon a series of transactions, which were to evince either the sanguinary temper and unprincipled vengeance of Elizabeth, or the heinous guilt of the Queen of Scots. He has, with this view, related the particulars of the trial, in a manner not less distinguished for judicious arrangement, than for perspicuity and precision; and it is the result of his investigation, that the Scottish princess was innocent of the charge exhibited against her.

A warm

A warm dispute has been maintained, concerning the authenticity of the letters supposed to have been written by queen Mary to the earl of Bothwel; and this forms another subject of enquiry, in the work now before us. In respect of those celebrated letters, our author acknowledges his obligations to the acute remarks of Mr. Goodal and Mr. Tytler, who have particularly exerted themselves to explain this intricate subject; but while he gives his sanction to the justness of their observations, he pursues the enquiry upon a different plan, and chiefly employs arguments drawn from historical evidence, which he considers as more certain, satisfactory, and decisive, than those founded upon criticism and hypothetical reasoning, however ingeniously and plausibly supported. He proceeds to shew the extreme improbability of the discovery of the casket, with the letters to Bothwel. He observes, in the course of his remarks, that the twentieth day of June, 1567, was the time which the earl of Murray and his faction had fixed as the date of this discovery. But Dr. Stuart, from established and incontestible facts, proves that the letters, supposed to have been found in the casket, did not exist, until after this period. He also demonstrates, from historical evidence, that the letters appeared in terms essentially different; a circumstance which could not have happened, if those productions had been genuine. He even ascertains the precise period when they were forged, and points out the views with which they were fabricated.

This ingenious writer advances an assertion, which, if well founded, at least extenuates the criminality of an incident, that has hitherto been considered, even by the advocates for Mary, as the greatest reproach upon her character.* He contends, that, in reality, this princess never entertained any love for Bothwel; and that her seduction, at Dunbar, by that nobleman, was effected by means of *amatorious potions*. This is a fact of the greatest importance towards establishing her innocence; and the arguments adduced in its support seem to carry with them as great a degree of certainty as the nature of the case can admit.

We cannot avoid remarking, that, in this work, the minority of James VI. is treated with a minuteness which we have not observed in any former historian. The character of the young prince himself is distinguished in its rise; while the duplicity of his ministers, and their dependence upon Elizabeth, are described with impartiality and precision.

* See vol. i. p. 393, 394.

As Dr. Stuart has been particularly circumstantial in unfolding the particulars of Mary's trial for the murder of lord Darnley, it has been no less his care to relate anxiously her trial as a party in the conspiracy of Babington; where, as in the former case, there was a field for research, as well as for ingenuity. It has been remarked by Mr. Hume, that, in the narrative of this transaction some particulars were wanting, without which it could not be elucidated. These particulars are, in a great measure, supplied by Dr. Stuart, whose attention to public papers has been indefatigable; and the conspiracy of Babington now displays a consistency, which bears the strongest resemblance of truth.

The author has very properly exhibited, in his text, several letters, at full length, from the Queen of Scots; and these he has modernized with that delicacy which was suitable, with regard to the compositions of a princess, whose writings were admired in her own age, and who had the peculiar address of infusing into them her own personal sensibilities and character. The letter of Mary to the duke of Guise, when she was convinced of the cruel intentions of Elizabeth and her ministers, is delicate and magnanimous: her long letter of reproach to Elizabeth, is sublime and affecting; and that which was written to the same personage, upon her condemnation, abounds with tender and magnificent sentiments.

As farther specimens of the ability of the author, we shall submit to our readers his portraits of the earl of Morton, and George Buchanan.

The earl of Morton, the last of the Scottish Regents, was low in stature, had an engaging countenance, and possessed a form and habit vigorous and active. His natural capacity and endowments were uncommon; and his experience in the world and in business was most ample. He had known the greatest changes of fortune; the evils of poverty and exile, the advantages of immense wealth and exorbitant power, the blandishments of flattery, and the wretchedness of the most abject humiliation. He engaged himself in the pursuits of ambition with a pertinacity and ardour that could neither be repressed nor fatigued; and he advanced in them with no fear of shame, and no desire of glory. He was rather insolent than haughty, rather cunning than wise, and more artificial than politic. In a period when every statesman was a soldier, he had talents for war as well as peace; but his courage was more undaunted in the cabinet than in the field. He was subtle, intriguing, and treacherous. He was stained with rebellion and murder; and from the incurable malignity of his nature, he was inclined to wanton in mischief, and to take a delight in the enormities of wickedness. He was close, cruel, covetous, and vindictive. He gratified without scruple the mad-
ness

ness of his passions, and the whimsies of his caprice. His rapacity was heightened and deformed by insults. He was forward to encounter every species of execration and odium. The contempt of integrity, which marked and polluted his public conduct, was also characteristic of his private life; and in both he disdained alike the censure and disapprobation of his compatriots. But while the vices of the man were not so pernicious as the crimes of the politician, they were accompanied with cultivation and lustre. His mode of living, though voluptuous, was tasteful. His palaces and gardens were splendid beyond the fashion of his age. His luxury had the charm of refinement; and while an ardent propensity carried him to the sex, his amours were delicate and elegant. He relieved the agitations, and the cares of ambition, with the smiles of beauty, and the solacements of love. But while his passion for pleasure appears with some advantage amidst the deformities of his character, it was little suited to the complexion of his times. The austerity and gloom which the preachers had excited in the body of the people, and which stood in the place of religion, were hostile to gallantry in the greatest degree. His sensualities, though the most venial of all his errors, roused up against him the most general, and the most indignant resentment. Odious with private corruptions, and execrable with public crimes, he exhausted the patience of an age accustomed to the most enormous profligacy. The jealousy of his enemies, and the justice of his nation called him to expiate, upon the scaffold, the murder of his sovereign; and he ascended it without the consolation of one virtue. He had yet reconciled himself to heaven from partialities that are natural to man; and he relied with an assured hope upon entering into a happy immortality in another existence. His bursts of repentance and remorse were humiliating and instructive; and terminated with propriety the tenor of a life, which had never experienced the satisfaction and the transports of patriotism and probity.

This year, so afflicting to Mary, was the last in the life of Buchanan; and his ability, his virtues, and his demerits are too conspicuous to be passed without notice. Afflicted with the stone, and pressed down by the infirmities of old age, he felt the approaches of his dissolution, and prepared for it like a philosopher. He resigned his employments, and tired of the living waited with resignation for the moment that was to number him with the dead. At Edinburgh in the seventy-seventh year of his existence on the twenty-eighth day of September a little past five o'clock in the morning his spirit took its flight. The envy that attends on eminence, and the bitterness that fill the heart of an enemy, are commonly extinguished when their object is removed. But Buchanan was pursued with reproaches while in his grave. Many writers have described him as a monster of impiety, as habitually besotted with wine, and as deluded with women. It is impossible to give any credit to the vileness of calumny; and it were equally vain to yield without reserve to the heated admiration of panegyrists.

Sir James Melvil, whose political sentiments were different from his, has done him the justice to declare, that he died a sincere member of the reformed church. In passing from the errors of popery, he discovered not, indeed, the flaming zeal of a convert; and his moderation was the effect of his wisdom. A superstitious grimace was no part of his character; and to a person of his uncommon endowments it would be an error to impute the most scrupulous adherence to every tenet in any popular faith. His life was liberal like his opinions. From the uncertain condition of his fortune, or from his attachment to study, he kept himself free from the restraint of marriage; but if a judgment may be formed from the vivacity of his temper and the wantonness of his verses, he was no enemy to beauty and to love, and must have known the tumults and the languors of voluptuousness. Violent in his nature, he embraced his friend with ardour, and indulged in the play of the social affections. Proud of mental superiority he was prone to treat with contempt men of high rank, whose chief or only recommendation was their birth or their riches. Against his enemies he was animated with an atrocity of revenge. A malignant keenness glanced in his eye; and the persecutions of priests and the oppressions of misfortune served to augment the natural fretfulness of his disposition, and gave an edge to his spleen. His conversation was gay, ingenious, and satirical. When he was possessed of wealth there were no bounds to his prodigality; when in want, he submitted to little arts to procure the means of expence; and being careless of the future he made no provision for the season of dotage and helplessness. His money and his life terminated in the same moment. He was rather low in stature; of his dress he was negligent; and his external appearance bore no marks of the cultivation of his taste. Yet in the slavish occupations of a pedagogue in which he passed the better part of his days, he had contracted no pedantic impertinence. No meanness of situation could destroy the greatness of his mind. He passed with propriety from the school to the cabinet, and felt him alike a scholar and a courtier. In poetry he was deemed unrivalled by his contemporaries. He is more nervous, more various, more elegant than the Italian poets. He has imitated those of Rome with greater grace and purity. His Psalms, in which he has employed so many kinds of verse, display admirably the extent and universality of his mind, the quickness and abundance of his fancy, and the power and acuteness of his judgment. In history he has contended with Livy and Sallust. The chequered scenes of his life had given him a wide experience of the world, and he was naturally of a thoughtful disposition. He treats accordingly the transactions of men with great prudence and discernment. In the precision and exactness of his narration he is not equally successful. Minute facts too often escape his attention; and important ones do not always receive from him that niceness of examination, and that fulness of detail which they merit.

merit. Of ornament he is more studious than of truth; and the fables which disgrace the earlier portions of his history, are not more disgusting than the partiality with which he records the events of his own times. A love of liberty, and a respect for the best interests of mankind pervade and illustrate his work; but his admiration of tyrannicide, and his contempt of royalty, betray a propensity to licentiousness and faction. His learning is admirable; his penetration better than his learning. The vigour of his mind, the interest of his manner, the dignity of his narration, the deepness of his remark, the purity of his diction, are all conspicuous. But while his genius and ability adorned the times in which he lived, and must draw to him the admiration of the most distant posterity, it is not to be forgotten, that his political conduct was disgraceful in the greatest degree, and must excite its regrets, and provoke its indignation. His zeal for the earl of Murray overturned altogether his allegiance as a subject, and his integrity as a man. His activity against Mary in the conferences in England was in a strain of the most shameless corruption; and the virulence with which he endeavoured to defame her by his writings was most audacious and criminal. They involve the complicated charge of ingratitude, rebellion, and perjury. That he repented of his political transactions, and of his malignity to Mary has indeed been affirmed with great probability; but no decisive vouchers of his sorrow have been recorded; and in the short Memoir he left of himself, he has avoided all mention of it. A dark cloud was gathering around him, when an opportune death afforded him a peaceful retreat from the anxieties and the cares of a world, with which his infirmities and his age had disgusted him.

In the course of the history, Dr. Stuart affords several examples of his descriptive powers. Of this there occurs an instance where Mary is represented mourning the death of Darnley, in the castle of Edinburgh.

'Before the last offices were performed to her husband, Mary, from a principle of delicacy, as well as to comply with an established custom, leaving her palace, went to the Castle of Edinburgh to indulge in grief. She shut herself up in her apartment: It was hung with black; the light of the sun was excluded from it; and a taper burning faintly added to its gloom. Here melting with lonely anguish she was penetrated with all the sentiments that became her condition, and mourned his fate and her own misfortunes. The instability of human grandeur affected her; and while she meditated its painful enjoyments and its oppressive miseries, she looked for comfort beyond the present scene, and regarded the royal crown and the sceptre, as the playthings of a giddy pride, and a childish ambition.'

Another instance is the scene at Carberry-hill, where Mary dismisses Bothwell, and enters into a treaty with her nobles.

It

‘ It was equally perilous to the Queen to fight or to fly. The expedient the most prudent for her was to capitulate. She desired to confer with Kircaldy of Grange, who remonstrated to her against the guilt and the wickedness of Bothwel, and counselled her to abandon him. She expressed her willingness to dismiss him upon the condition that the lords would acknowledge their allegiance, and continue in it. Kircaldy passed to the nobles, and received their authority to assure her that they would honour, serve, and obey her as their princess and sovereign.’

Other subjects, remarkable for strength of delineation, are exhibited by the author, in his descriptions of Mary’s embarking for Scotland, her first interview with Darnley, the assassination of Rizzio, the massacre of Paris, Mary’s resignation of her crown at Lochleven, and her execution at Fotheringhay Castle.

Considering this history in respect of its internal and more essential merit, it exhibits the transactions of the reign of Mary in a strong and peculiar light; and there appears through the whole, such a concatenation and consistency, supported by respectable authorities, as ought to secure to the historian a degree of credit, infinitely beyond what is due to the representations of any hypothetical writer; though it must be admitted, that some of his positions are liable to strong objections. The work is written in that manly strain of sentiment, which usually distinguished those productions that flow from the spirited exertion of an author’s own literary powers. But the style, though hardly ever below historical elevation, does not always command our applause. Dr. Stuart seems to have reserved his principal efforts for such passages of the narrative as are of the greatest importance towards establishing the most essential facts; and in those, it must be acknowledged, his genius shines forth with remarkable splendor. To these remarks we have only to add, that, from an exuberance of sentiment, he sometimes indulges in reflexions, which lead him beyond the limits that separate the province of history from the field of speculation.

Letters on Thelyphthora: with an Occasional Prologue and Epilogue. 8vo. 3s. Doddsley.

THIS publication consists of twenty-eight letters, from the author of *Thelyphthora* to several of his friends and correspondents, concerning that remarkable performance.

We shall present our readers with a few extracts, by which they will be enabled to form a proper notion of the author’s design, and the sentiments he entertains of such as do not adopt his opinion.

His work, it seems, has been attacked by several writers:

‘ The

The author, therefore, requests the reader not to look on the following sheets as an intended formal reply to the nonsense and ribaldry, which have appeared against Thelyphthora. He hopes never to misemploy his time to such a purpose.

His opponents are people not worth his notice:

'I have been pestered with letters, some from those I do know, some from those I do not know, some from those, whom I hope I never shall know, and some from people, who seem to have but a very slight acquaintance with themselves.'

Some of them, we are told, are brewers of poison:

'This sort of authors apply abuse, as some brewers are said to do the poisonous berry called *cocculus indicus*, when they would give a colour of strength to their beer, and in order to save malt and hops.'

Others are porcupines:

'If what is said of the fretful porcupine be true, that he sets up his quills in anger, and darts them at those, who approach him, I should imagine, that this animal had furnished my correspondents, if not with instruments to write with, yet with the temper they write in.'

Others are geese:

'From the absurdity and folly of most of these performances I should almost think, that the goose, when bereft of its quills, communicates something of its genius and understanding to such writers.'

Others are grasshoppers:

'I shall conclude this letter with the fable of Boccalini's Traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. This, says our author, was troubling himself to no manner of purpose: had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them.'

Others are the most contemptible vermin:

'I look upon such satirists to be of the flea kind, full of venom, but without power of doing any hurt that is essential; and the pamphlets which you send me, as of no higher consequence, either to me or my book, than so many flea-bites. I may add, that as dirtiness is said to breed fleas, so low, narrow, ignorant, mean, prejudiced, and illiberal minds, breed this kind of criticisms.'

So much for the adversaries of Thelyphthora. Let us now see what opinion we are to form of the author and his performance.

In the midst of all this despicable group, composed of the meanest and most vexatious animals, wretches that nobody knows, porcupines, geese, grasshoppers, and fleas, the pious and heroic author of Thelyphthora sits in his elbow chair, with the utmost complacency and satisfaction.

'They have not, says he, been able once to put me out of humour, either with myself, or my book. When the wind sits in the south-west, it is apt to whistle through the key-hole of my study, and this is worse to me than all they have said.'

Few writers are masters of so much philosophical composure. But our author, we are told, is clothed with celestial armour.

'While armed with the breast-plate of divine truth, I am invulnerable; and their weapons strike, where, I most charitably and earnestly hope, the assailants do not mean they should.'

He that despises Thelyphthora, despises 'God's book.' 'I have, he says, made His mind and will, in his own most sacred, inviolable, and perfect laws, the basis of every proposition, as well as of every argument which supports it. . . . I build my opinions, not on the sand of human authority, but on the rock of divine revelation.'

Upon this principle he gives his antagonist this friendly caution:

'Take care, sir, moderate your zeal—you are treading on holy ground, look to your steps—open your eyes—see where you are going—you are at the edge of a dangerous precipice—you are heated—be cool—reflect.'

He repeatedly charges his opponents with ignorance in not understanding his book. It may, therefore, be said, that he should have written in a plainer manner, and not laid himself open to misconstruction. And if he finds, that any one has censured his doctrine, in consequence of his mistakes, he should condescend, in the spirit of meekness and charity, to set him right, and as he expresses himself, endeavour 'to remove the veil from ignorance;' and, in such a momentous affair, 'to cause the scales to fall from the eyes of prejudice.'

But—no such condescension is to be expected. He that presumes to oppose his opinion deserves no reply. For, says our author, with all the authority of a prophet: 'I have nothing to say to such a Rabshakeh—The king's commandment was, saying, Answer him not.'

Answer

Answer to Dr. Priestley's Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever.
8vo. 2s. No Publisher's Name.

Additional Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever, in Answer to Mr. William Hammon. By Joseph Priestley, LL.D. F.R.S.
8vo. 1s. 6d. Johnson.

THE former of these publications consists of two parts, and Prefatory Address to Dr. Priestley, subscribed William Hammon, and the Answer, which is said to have been written by a friend. These pieces are perfectly similar in style and sentiment; we shall therefore consider them as the production of the same pen.

This writer boldly proclaims himself an atheist. 'I do declare,' says he, 'upon my honour that I am one. Be it therefore for the future remembered, that in London, in the kingdom of England, in the year of our Lord 1781, a man has publicly declared himself an atheist.'—*Rara temporum felicitas, ubi sentire quæ velis, & quæ sentias dicere licet!*

This atheist does not assert, that there are no marks of design in the visible universe. He allows, 'that atoms cannot be arranged in a manner expressive of the most exquisite design, without competent intelligence having existed somewhere.'

He farther says: 'the vis naturæ, the perpetual industry, intelligence, and provision of nature, must be apparent to all who see, feel, or think. I mean to distinguish this active, intelligent, and designing principle, inherent as much in matter, as the properties of gravity; or any elastic attractive, or repulsive power, from any extraneous foreign force and design, in an invisible agent, supreme, though hidden lord, and master over all effects and appearances, that present themselves to us in the course of nature. The last supposition makes the universe, and all other organized matter, a machine, made or contrived by the arbitrary will of another being, which other being is called God; and my theory makes a God of this universe, or admits no other God or designing principle than matter itself, and its various organizations.'

Such is the system of this writer, which he supports with as much appearance of reason, as the absurdity of his hypothesis will admit.

Dr. Priestley, in answer to this Unbeliever, shews, in the first place, that the visible universe is not, and cannot be, that uncaused being, which Mr. Hammon supposes; and secondly, that the seat of that intelligence, which is acknowledged to be in the universe, cannot be in the visible universe itself,

itself, but must reside in, and belong to, some being distinct from it.

In the course of this inquiry he takes notice of what Mr. Hammon has observed with respect to the moral attributes of the Deity, the moral influence of religion, and other subjects of a miscellaneous nature.

As we cannot pretend to follow these writers step by step in their disquisitions, we shall take only a short extract from the least metaphysical part of the controversy.

‘ You allow, says Dr. Priestley, that there is in nature a principle of *production*, as well as of *destruction*; so that “ whenever the globe shall come to that temperament, which is fit for the life of any lost species of animals, whatever energy in nature produced it originally, if ever it had a beginning, will most probably be sufficient to produce it again. Is not,” you say, “ the reparation of vegetable life in the spring, equally wonderful now as its first production? yet this is a plain effect of the influence of the sun, whose absence would occasion death, by a perpetual winter? So far is this question from containing, in my opinion, a formidable difficulty to the Epicurean system, that I cannot help judging the continual mutability of things, as an irrefragable proof of this eternal energy of nature.”

‘ To me the conclusion which you think so very probable, appears to be drawn directly contrary to all the known rules of philosophising. Supposing as you do, the cause of destruction to any species of animals, to be a change of temperature in the climate, still the reproduction of those animals, when the country should have recovered its former temperature, would be as proper a *miracle* as any thing to which a believer in revelation gives that name (and would, therefore, prove the existence of a power distinct from any thing in the visible universe, and superior to it) because we see nothing similar to this in any similar circumstances of things at present. Take a vessel of water, with fishes and insects in it. You may freeze that water, and consequently destroy all the animals that it contains. But though you may thaw that water again, you might wait long enough before you would find any more such fishes or insects in it, provided you excluded the spawn, or eggs, of others.

‘ If there be any such thing as the reproduction of any lost animal, as of that large one, the bones of which you speak of, and there be no such thing as a being distinct from the visible universe, it must be produced by what now exists, and is visible to us; but how this should be done by any *larv* or *power of nature*, with which we are acquainted (and beyond this

this we are not authorized to form any judgment at all) though, within your creed, is beyond my conception. As the animal you speak of was an inhabitant of the *earth*, I should imagine that you would think some power residing in, and belonging to, the earth itself might be sufficient for this purpose, without calling in the aid of the sun, moon, or stars. But how the earth, with all the animals and men upon it, are to go to work, in order to reproduce this animal, I have no knowledge. I know that I should be able to contribute very little towards it. *The energy of nature, before which, you say, all difficulty vanishes*, is a fine expression; but when we come to realize our ideas, and to conceive in what manner this energy of nature is to be exerted, we are just as much at a loss how to connect it with the things to be produced by it, as if no such energy existed.

‘ You say that “ the reparation of vegetable life in the spring, is equally as wonderful now as at its first production,” and that this “ is the plain effect of the influence of the sun.” I am really surprised that you can, even for a moment, suppose these two cases to be at all similar. We can only judge of *powers* by *observation* and *experience*. Now, whenever did you see any plant produced when the seed was properly destroyed? In this case, what can the *sun* do to produce it. If the sun has this power, why is it not sometimes exerted, so that we should see plants spring up by means of *heat* only, without their proper seeds? That there is a being distinct from the visible universe, possessed of the power of controuling its laws, is not a random supposition, like this of yours, but is sufficiently proved by fact, as the history of revelation shews.’

The argument, which the doctor hints at in the conclusion of this extract, is the evidence of *miracles*, which, he says, if they be undeniable, clearly prove the existence of a being, distinct from what is visible in nature; and a being, who can controul the laws of it; and this can be no other than the author of nature.—He adds: ‘ The miracles recorded in the Old and New Testament are naturally adapted to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the being of a God, as well as the truth of revelation; and therefore, in order to disprove the being of a God, a person must likewise disprove the evidences of the Jewish and of the Christian Revelations, which I think he will find it difficult to do, consistently with his retaining faith in any history whatever.’

Upon reading these letters we have been a little surprised at the uncommon deference, which these two opponents pay to each other. Dr. Priestley treats this writer with greater respect than he has treated some of his former adversaries, whom

whom he has accused of *not understanding* his argument. He has even taken pains to find him; but without success. Mr. Hammon dates his letter from Oxford-street, No. 418. There the doctor could not hear of any such person. He then inquired for him at Liverpool, as he was directed by a second letter; but the phantom still withdrew itself from the philosopher's investigation. From whence we may conclude, that the atheist has not the courage, as he pretends, to discover his retreat; and that the name of William Hammon is nothing more than a *prudent disguise*.

An Inquiry into the Manners, Taste, and Amusements, of the two last Centuries in England. By John Andrews, LL.D. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d. Debrett.

THIS Inquiry, which, had it been well and accurately performed, might have afforded both entertainment and instruction, is carelessly written, superficial, and imperfect. The author does not seem sufficiently acquainted with the history of past times, to give a just account of the manners, virtues, vices, and follies, of the different periods, or to trace philosophically and judiciously their various causes. He inverts the order of time; and, instead of taking a regular view of our national customs and reigning manners, from early times down to the present, travels backwards, takes up the modes of George the First, skips to the reigns of the Stuarts, and sets us down at last with the great Elizabeth. There is nothing new, striking, or sagacious, in any of his observations on the several periods, or any thing amusing to attract our attention: the following remark is so opposite to truth and every day's experience, that we wonder how a writer could hazard the publication of it.

‘It is no small happiness, says Dr. Andrews, that, amidst the absurd, servile, and detrimental imitation of foreign modes and manners, that execrable one, of infidelity in the marriage state, has not yet been imported into England in any very extensive degree; and that, luckily for the public, the guilty, however exalted, are singled out as objects of shame and contempt.’

‘Whether the good sense for which this nation is remarkable, or whether the nature of our government has hitherto proved most effectual in preventing it, is hard to tell. They both undoubtedly have opposed it; but probably more the latter cause; as it is observable, that this avowed reciprocal indifference in the married parties, is a vice that has seldom been known to flourish in a republican state.’

It

It appears to us unaccountable, that the author should, after this observation, lament the consequences of that licentious wanton spirit of voluptuousness and dissipation which has of late, from presiding over our pleasures, assumed an influence over our manners.

‘ It remains, says he, to be sincerely lamented, that any man should be so utterly abandoned in his morals, so strangely limited in his conceptions, or curst with such a levity of heart, as to treat the greatest enormity produced by this unhappy spirit, rather as a matter of gaiety and jocoseness, than as an object demanding the most serious reflections.

‘ In this they may possibly think themselves supported by the shameful and guilty connivance, one might almost say toleration, it too openly meets with in some countries abroad.

‘ But the smallest degree of consideration must quickly convince them, that depravity and infatuation alone can give countenance to what, in the scale of sound reasoning, is evidently a scandal to human nature.

‘ We are taught by daily experience, that however the dissolute and profligate may endeavour to soften it, by the fashionable appellation of gallantry, infidelity in the married state is pregnant with such infinite mischief to society, that it cannot meet with too much abhorrence and reprobation.

‘ No species of wickedness strikes more directly at the root of human happiness. Exclusive of its necessary and immediate effect, the destruction of domestic tranquillity, and the introduction of anarchy and confusion into families, it is the usual source of the most irreconcilable and most fatal enmities, and naturally produces the most dreadful catastrophes in private life. Whenever the spirit of gallantry gets footing, and grows habitual in any country, it breeds diffidence and suspicion between individuals, and is unquestionably the greatest obstruction to friendship, from the fear and jealousy we are liable to entertain of those who have constant opportunities to abuse the privileges annexed to it. It banishes all delicacy of sentiment, and utterly extinguishes that respect for the fair-sex, which is founded on the opinion of their honour and virtue; of which, when the violation ceases to be disreputable among the men, it seldom remains an object of consequence among the women. In short, by extirpating the most effectual motive for reciprocal attachment, it annihilates the essential felicity of love; and by extending our desires and passions, and the hope of gratifying them indiscriminately to all, it eradicates the noblest refinements that

dignify the human system, and throws all the established ideas of civilized nature, into their primitive chaos and confusion.'

These strictures on our present degeneracy are nervous and spirited; as is the following exhortation to the fair-sex, which we shall, therefore, particularly recommend to our female readers, and hope they will profit by the advice:

' Let our fair countrywomen still retain the reputation they have long and justly deserved, that of being supremely beautiful, and equally modest. It is the most inestimable prize they can covet: let them not lose the loveliness and dignity of their sex, in those freedoms that are inseparable from so repeated a frequentation of the pastimes of late so much in vogue. These are no proper soil for the cultivation of true modesty, which, like the sensitive plant, shrinks at the least touch of familiarity.

' Let us leave to the Italians, let us leave to the French, the talents of seduction: let us still glory in artlessness and simplicity in our transactions with womankind, while they plume themselves on their dexterity in assailing and corrupting innocence, and in all the various intricacies of iniquitous intercourse: let the women of Italy rejoice in that scandalous liberty, they so steadfastly maintain, of giving their hand to one man, and their heart to another: let the women of France exult in that privilege, they so amply exert, of changing perpetually the objects of their criminal attachments, and glory, as it were, in the open display of their libertinism: let the men in those countries, slavishly abandoned to this debasing system of sensuality, lose themselves in a round of wantonness and debauchery; and become callous to those feelings of the heart and mind, that relate to any subject wherein pleasure has not the principal preponderance: let their attention be taken up with a fondness for, and an admiration of those imaginary refinements, which, while they prove a source of fruitless inglorious entertainment, never fail to debilitate the nobler faculties, and to create a forgetfulness of the more important functions, that ought to employ an individual who wishes and pretends to be ranked above the vulgar.

' But may never this contagion reach our country! Let us recollect the figure we lately made in the eye of the universe: let us ponder on the means by which this figure was, and is to be supported: let us frequently revolve in our thoughts, that a people who mean to distinguish themselves from all others by the excellence of their constitution, by their prosperity at home, and their glory abroad, must also resolve to distinguish them-

themselves no less by the virtues and qualifications through which those trophies are obtained.'

Translated Specimens of Welsh Poetry in English Verse. By John Walters, B. A. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Doddsley.

AN honest Cambro-Briton, from a laudable zeal for the honour of his native country, and its ancient bards, has here presented us with a translation of some old Welsh poetry. The few wild notes, which are new set, give us a favourable idea both of the original writer, and the modern translator, who seems to have done ample justice to his illustrious predecessors. In the following elegy there is a spirit and pathos, which every reader who has a taste for nature and simplicity, cannot but admire.

* *N E S T, the Daughter of Howel: an Elegy. By Einion, the Son of Gwalchmai. Written about the Year 1240.*

‘ The spring returns, the hills are green,
The forest blooms, the sea serene
Ebbs with hollow-sounding tide,
But when will Einion’s grief subside?
Chaunt the birds to cheer the plain,
But Einion breathes a mournful strain.
Falling like my feeble lay
The wind now gently dies away.
By Teivi’s deep romantic stream
Sorrowing with slow steps I came.
The praise of dying Nest I sung,
Her name still trembles on my tongue.
With joyless heart and tearful eye
To tune her sacred dirge I try.
Like fair Elivri’s was her fame,
And thousands have ador’d her name.
In silence now the matchless maid
Low in her last abode is laid,
Who sprung from royal ancestry;
Keen as the hawk’s her dazzling eye.
In filken robe bright Cadvan’s maid
On blue Disunni’s banks array’d,
Short time, but lov’d and virtuous, liv’d,
Nor hath my heart her loss surviv’d;

* *Nest*, in the language of the Manks, signifies *brightness*, or the *moon*, or *Diana*.

Q 2

My

My heart, that hear'd her bards complain,
 And died within me at the strain.
 Tyrant Death, thou ruthless foe,
 At last thy fatal power I know.
 Ah! generous Nest, of soul benign,
 How different is my fate from thine!
 I left to struggle with my woes,
 Thou peaceful in thy last repose!
 Weary of life, and robb'd of rest,
 I store long sorrow in my breast.
 Thy lov'd remembrance ne'er shall part
 From weeping Einion's faithful heart.
 Still to my view the veil of death
 Is present, and the form beneath,
 Those features of unrival'd hue,
 Bright as heav'n's ambrosial dew
 New-fal'n on Aran's sky-topt brow,
 Or wild Eryri's cliffs of snow.

By martyrs, and the virgin's claim,
 By holy Dewi's fainted name,
 By angels of the good and fair,
 Trembling I lift my humble prayer,
 Which to the throne of Heav'n will fly
 Auspicious, and to thee, Most High,
 That the dear maid, undoom'd to pain,
 Near thy right hand a seat may gain.
 Thou ne'er wilt banish beauteous Nest
 From the bright mansions of the blest.'

We hope that these Specimens will meet with the encouragement which they deserve; and that the translator, who has performed his task with elegance and fidelity, will be induced by their success to modernise some more Cambrian poetry, which, whenever it may appear, will, if we may judge from this little performance, be very acceptable to the public.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Cato. 104 Pages in 8vo. Basil. (German.)

TWO dialogues, in which Cato is introduced discoursing, a short time before his death, with Demetrius, on the destination of man, where Brutus and Apollonides assist as auditors and sometimes as speakers. Demetrius maintains the doctrine of Plato, that the present life is only a preparation for a future and better one; that, without a firm belief of the immortality of the soul, and a future state of retribution, there are no virtue nor happiness; whereas Cato attempts to prove, that even without any hopes of a future and eternal life, man may yet be virtuous, and that virtue is the only source

source of happiness and her own sufficient reward.—The author supplies each speaker with all the arguments that may be produced in support of his principles, and a language almost throughout suitable to their respective characters and sentiments. But, in order not to abuse several of the new and excellent observations uttered by Cato, the reader ought never to lose sight of the author's purpose, which was chiefly to confute the opinion of those who, in spite of all the evidence of history, denied, that disinterested virtue was ever yet practised without the conviction of receiving its reward in some future state of existence. The author himself has been careful, in his preface, to preclude mistakes as to his purpose; which was only to characterise, to give a philosophical drama, exhibiting the system of a man of Cato's principles and way of thinking. The introduction contains historical strictures, intended as a preparation to the dialogue. The title page and end are adorned with the heads of Cato and of Brutus.

Abhandlung über die ältere Scandinavische Geschichte von den Cimbrern und den Scandinavischen Gothen; or, a Dissertation on the Ancient History of Scandinavia, of the Cimbri and the Scandinavian Goths. By F. W. Baron de W. I. 23 Sheets in 8vo. Copenhagen. (German.)

The ingenious author has divided his work into two parts. The first, treats of the chief place of residence of the Cimbri, in Scandinavia, and of the historical fragments relating to them; and the second, of the succession of the great Cimbrian monarchy; and both evince great learning and skill, in supporting a system of sometimes paradoxical conjectures with a variety of plausible arguments.

H. Willh. de Voss Preisschrift über den Gebrauch und Missbrauch der Unkunde anderer im Handel und Wandel. Nebst Zwoen andern dahin einschlagenden Abhandlungen; or, a Prize Dissertation on the Use and Abuse of the Ignorance of Customers and others, in Trade and Intercourse; with two other Memoirs on the same Subject. Translated from the Dutch and French into German. 184 pages in 8vo. Butzow.

This prize question was proposed by the Dutch society of sciences at Harlem, and answered by several gentlemen. Mr. de Voss, teacher of the Mennonists at Amsterdam, obtained the prize. He begins justly by asserting that this is a question which an ordinary measure of capacity and understanding must be able to solve; as otherwise many selfish people would be apt to excuse themselves with a pretended want of a sufficient capacity and judgment for determining the limits between what is right or wrong, lawful or illicit, in dealing. But the rules established by him are too prolix, many of them even so obscure, that he himself seems to have forgotten his introductory observation just noticed. He founds his general principle on Matth. vii. 12. He notices the frauds and oppressions of the man-sellers, (or kidnappers,) in Holland, who allure, entrap, and sell raw and unwary people to the East India company; but he speaks not of them with that indignation which such an execrable race of men deserve. The application of his principles to the practices in insuring, ought also to have been illustrated by a much greater variety of instances. . . The second memoir is less valuable than the first. But the third, written by M. Franc, a French clergyman at Zutphen, is a very judicious performance, and if not superior, certainly at least equal to the first which obtained the prize.

Anmerkungen über die Lebens Art der Einwohner in grossen Städten; or, Observations on the Way of Living in great Cities. By Dr. J. Pet. Xav. Faul. 8vo. Vienna. (German.)

The author's purpose is to preserve and to promote health, as much as possible, by prescriptions of a wholesome diet and way of life, for the inhabitants of large towns.

He has divided his work into four sections; of which, section 1. treats of the general evils and inconveniencies of large towns with regard to their atmosphere; and the fittest means for preventing, remedying or alleviating them; section 2. of the usual way of nursing, feeding, and training up infants. Section 3. of the usual way of living of young and adult people. Section 4. of some pernicious customs of pregnant and lying-in women, midwives, and nurses.

The abuses here censured, have very often been noticed, but very seldom amended: and the truths here enforced are of that importance and value that they cannot be too often repeated.

Siegismund Just Ehrharts's, Pastors in Beshine, Abhandlung vom verderbten Religions zustand in Schlesien vor der evangelischen Kirchen Reformation; als eine Einleitung zur Schlesischen Presbyterologie; or, a Treatise on the corrupt State of Religion in Silesia before the Reformation, intended for an Introduction to the Silesian Presbyterology. in 4to. Breslaw. (German.)

The author begins with tracing the sources of the corruption, proceeds then to the articles in which it chiefly appeared, and answers the objection, what was become of true Christianity before the Reformation, by commemorating the chief witnesses and confessors of truth in Silesia, where he naturally enlarges on the history of the Hussites, and the great applause and patronage they found in Silesia. He is very careful to prove his assertions by referring to vouchers and writers, whose veracity is acknowledged by the Roman catholics themselves.

Beytrage zur Natur Geschichte der Nieder Lausitz, insbesondere des Mineral-Reichs derselben; or John Philip de Carosi's Memoirs for the Natural History of Lower Lusatia, especially for its Mineralogy. with Cuts. 8vo. Leipzig. (German)

This publication may be considered as a commentary and illustration of Mr. Charpentier's concise account of Lower Lusatia, in his Mineralogical Geography of the Electoral Saxon dominions. M. de Carosi enumerates the several strata with which this plain and low country is covered, and the varieties of petrifications, such as echinites, corals, &c. found in it; and infers from these bodies and from other collateral circumstances, that Lower Lusatia has once been covered for a long time by the East Sea, like the plains of Poland and Lithuania. The petrifications are methodically classed and discriminated with Linnæan names.

Das koeniglich Preussische Feld Lazareth, nach seiner medicinal und oekonomischen Verfassung, der zweyten Armee, im Kriege von 1778 und 1779; und dessen Mangel, aus Documenten erwiesen; or, The Royal Prussian Field Hospital, according to its Medicinal and Oeconomical State, in the Second Army, in the War of 1778 and 1779; and its Defects, proved from Records. 8vo. Leipzig. (German.)

The Prussian army in Saxony, in the campaigns of 1778 and 1779, consisted of 72000 men, and the Saxon army of 22000. Of the Prussian army about 4000 died in the field-hospitals, and of the Saxon army, no more than 48 men; a disproportion this, so enormous,

mous, and so affecting as could not but strike the physicians of the Prussian field-hospitals, with grief and amazement; as it evinced beyond a possibility of doubt the existence of some most essential and fatal defects in the Prussian armies and their hospitals, from which that disproportion must necessarily have arisen. The anonymous author of this very judicious and instructive performance, undertakes to trace all those evils to their sources, and to show why the Prussian field-hospitals could not possibly produce a salutary effect proportionate to the royal expence. For this purpose he publishes a literal copy, 1. of the curative method prescribed to the field-physicians; 2. of the dispensatory, as established as a law, in the second Prussian army; 3. a contrast of that dispensatory with the simple and compound remedies used in the first army at the end of the war; and 4. finally the regulations of field hospitals, enjoined by the then physician of that army, de Zinnendorf, as rules to all the physicians and medical assistants of the second army. The curative method, the diet, the pharmacopoea, and that implicit obedience required of all the physicians, without allowing them the use of their own judgment and practical knowledge, or its application to any particular case whatever, cannot but excite the amazement and commiseration of every thinking and sensible physician; and serve for a terrible proof to commanders in chief of the mischievousness of such attempts of introducing despotism, in a science which in such an infinite variety of particular and individual cases, can never be subjected to general and peremptory regulations, but at the expence of the lives and health of thousands. The result of the very ill-judged attempt in question has proved as detrimental at least as the loss of a battle.

Lettera sopra l'Eclisse Solare occaduta li 17 Ottobre 1781. Diretta al Cardinale de Zelada. 4to. Rome.

Astronomy had been neglected at Rome, for some time past when cardinal Zelada, and the duke of Sermonnetta, endeavoured to restore emulation in this branch of science, by procuring excellent instruments and accurate observations. That of the solar eclipse, which is described in this letter, was made by signor Calandrelli, with an objective micrometer of Dollond's. He has measured twelve phases. The eclipse began at 7 o'clock 34' 16" and ended at 9 o'clock 23' 1". The observer gives a particular account of his precautions for examining the several parts of the micrometer; and highly celebrates cardinal Zelada's zeal and munificence for astronomy.

Salmo LXVII Exurgas Deus, esposto dall'Ebraico originale; Opera del P. F. Giacinto Hintz, Prof. di S. Scritt. e di Lingue Orientali. 160 Pages in 4to. Cagliari.

The 67th Psalm was always considered as one of the most difficult, as it is not known for what end and on what an occasion it was composed. The present commentator contents himself with confuting those who think that it relates to David's transportation of the ark from Obed-edom's house to the tabernacle of Sion; he asserts that this sacred ode was occasioned by some signal victory gained by David, over some neighbouring nations, at a time when the ark was already on Mount Sion; though he does not attempt to point out that particular victory. Indeed he seems not quite consistent. For says he, 'In una parola, l'argomento principale, per non dire unico, di questo nobilissimo Salmo è Gesù Cristo e la sua Chiesa figurata nella liberazione dell' popolo Ebreo dall' Egitto, e nella introduzione alla terra promessa.' . . The style of his Latin version of the Psalm is as much as possible assimilated to that of the Vulgata.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

P O L I T I C A L.

The History of the second Ten Years of the Reign of George the Third. 8vo. 6s. in Boards. Evans.

THE transactions of this period are of so recent a date, that the recital of them will prove more interesting to succeeding ages than to the present. But in those times, when the party-animosities of the eighteenth century shall have entirely subsided, the object of public desire will be a history divested of all appearance of prejudice. We cannot say of the present volume, that it is likely ever to obtain the reputation of a candid narrative. The incidents, in general, appear to be related with fidelity, but, at the same time, are tinged with a political colouring, which betrays in the author a bias very unfavourable to a fair representation of motives and designs; and, upon the whole, it seems calculated to gratify temporary prejudices, rather than to transmit to posterity an impartial history of the present reign.

The Causes of our late Discontents: their Consequences, and the Remedies. 8vo. 1s. Hooper.

The causes specified in this pamphlet are of so general a nature, as to be applicable to almost any period of history; and what renders the investigation of them more superfluous, is, that they are such as can hardly be prevented from operating under any administration.

An Address to the People of the Netherlands, on the present alarming and most dangerous Situation of the Republic of Holland. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Stockdale.

This writer appears to be a strenuous partizan of the present ruling faction in Holland. He endeavours to represent the great advantages of an alliance between the United Provinces, France, and America; but in illustrating this political theorem, he deviates into such an abuse of censure and panegyric, as can hardly impose upon the understanding of the most ignorant Dutchman. Truth, candour, and national interest, are all sacrificed at the shrine of democratical delusion, by this insidious apologist, whose sentiments, we are persuaded, will, in the sober hours of the republic, be considered as the wild suggestions of a perverted imagination.

A Speech of William Jones, Esq. to the assembled Inhabitants of the Counties of Middlesex and Surrey, the Cities of London and Westminster, &c. May 28, 1782. 8vo. 6d. Dilly.

In this speech Mr. Jones ingeniously combats the prejudices of those, who consider it as a kind of political sacrilege to make any alteration in the constitution; and he likewise exposes, in a striking point of view, the idea of virtual representation. But we entertain too high an opinion of the good sense of this writer, to
imagine

imagine he would approve of the crude schemes, which have been offered to the public on the subject of a new parliamentary representation.

P O E T R Y.

Ode on the Surrender of York Town. 4to. 6d. Bowen.

This ode is an invocation to the chancellor of the exchequer, who is solicited to exert his great endowments for the preservation of his country from the dangers with which she is surrounded. The author deserves praise, at least for his patriotism; and so far as Mr. Pitt's acknowledged abilities can extend, the purpose of the address will, we doubt not, be prosecuted with ardor.

Two Dithyrambic Odes. 4to. 6d. Dilly.

In an advertisement prefixed to these Odes, our author prides himself much in having restored to them the ancient name of dithyrambic, which, he assures us, is the only proper one for the irregular ode; 'Yet titles, says he, are neither here nor there.' This may, for aught we know, be a *sagacious* observation: we apprehend, however, that it is not quite *new*; but what follows is still more curious:

'The Italians, adds our author, who alone of all modern nations feel what real poetry, what real painting, what real music are, have many productions of high fame under this title. The flames would have received the following pieces, had not the author known that they have more merit than many productions, which have the honour to attain the praise of those who know nothing. But he pretends not to the exquisite spirit of Poliziano.'

Though we are ready with this author to allow even the present race of Italy a pre-eminence in music, yet that 'they only feel what real poetry and real painting are,' is an opinion which we can by no means adopt; as we are inclined to think that despised England can boast of as much perfection in either of these arts, even though we should not call in the assistance of our author's *Dithyrambics*, which, we are told, would certainly have been burned, if he had not known that 'they have more merit than many productions which have the *honour* to attain the praise'—of whom? why—'of those who know nothing;' an honour surely which very few would be ambitious of. The author, no doubt, meant to say, that these Odes are superlatively excellent; but recollecting that this might have been construed into vanity, he concludes his sentence in this strange and unintelligible manner.—The productions, after all, must speak for themselves. The sanguine admirers of ode-writing, who prefer sound to sense, and big words to the language of nature, may perhaps be fond of these Dithyrambics, in which we must acknowledge nothing appears to us very striking or poetical: a short specimen may suffice to give our readers a proper idea of their merit. In the first Ode we meet with the following lines:

— fages, ye whose eloquence divine,
 Would, with a golden chain,
 The hearer's soul restrain,
 And bear to every passion's distant shrine.
 Whose thunder shook the throne
 Of each barbaric lord ;
 Tho' by deluded myriads prone
 Of trembling slaves adored.
 Whose lucid art of life illumed the plan ;
 And heavenly wisdom brought to dwell with man.

Without thy fierce controul,
 Enthusiasm, soul of the rapt soul !
 Picture in vain bids her creation rise ;
 Music in vain her vocal skill applies ;
 In night the fair creation lies ;
 The bidden airs sleep in the fullen shell,
 Till thou their birth impell.
 At thy command the glowing forms appear :
 At thy command the strains enchant the ear.

Thy praise may every art,
 And science fair impart ;
 For all to thee their richest lustre owe.
 From thee all attributes of mind
 That to gods exalt mankind ;
 All deeds immortal flow.'

What our author means by

' Whose lucid art of life illumed the plan,'

we cannot readily comprehend : and the strange expression of

' — soul of the rapt soul !'

is nearly allied to the bombast and unintelligible.

The second Dithyrambic is on Laughter ; an odd subject for an ode. This is written in the common sing-song style.

' — Laughter, lead the festal band ;
 Wit and Humour, hand in hand,
 Sports that dance, and sports that sing,
 Love and Rapture with thee bring.
 Now when merry Spring reposes
 On her bed of balmy roses,
 In fantastic measures revel
 All along the flowery level.

Sweet melody pervades the luminous air.
 The jocund tribes appear !

My suppliant thy wish declare ;
 Lo I wait to hear thy prayer.

While some, tho wise, in mental gloom
 Their melancholy hours entomb ;
 And, from terror of the morrow,
 Waste the given day in sorrow :

Attend,

Attend, propitious power, my claim !
 Do thou invading cares repell :
 With thee, dear goddess, let me dwell,
 And laugh at life's amusing game.'

This is the true infantine muse. A man may, as Shakspeare says, ' rhyme so, eight years together ; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted.'

D I V I N I T Y.

Two Discourses ; I. On Habitual Devotion, II. On the Duty of not living to Ourselves ; both preached to Assemblies of Protestant Dissenting Ministers, and published at their Request. By Joseph Priestley, LL.D. F. R. S. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Johnson.

The Scripture makes it one of the characteristics of a good man, that he sets the Lord always before him ; and that he acknowledges God in all his ways. In the first discourse, our author shews, that this habitual regard to God has a tendency to keep us steadfast in our duty, dissipate anxiety or melancholy, in some cases to prevent madness, to promote a uniform cheerfulness, to give a man a peculiar presence and intrepidity of mind, &c. He then treats of the most proper and effectual methods of promoting this disposition.

This discourse gave occasion to that excellent poem by Mrs. Barbauld, intitled, An Address to the Deity, which was composed immediately after the first delivery of it, before an assembly of dissenting ministers at Wakefield, in the year 1767.

In the second sermon, the author enforces this important observation, that ' no man can be happy, who lives to himself ; but that true happiness consists in having our faculties wholly ingrossed by some worthy object, in the pursuit of which the strongest and best of our affections have their full play, and in which we enjoy all the consistent pleasures of our whole nature.'

The Treasure of the Gospel in earthen Vessels. A Sermon addressed to the Congregation of Protestant Dissenters, in Worcester, on Tuesday, May 28, 1782, at a Meeting of Ministers, assembled on Account of the rev. Joseph Gummer's undertaking the Pastoral Care of that Society. By W. Wood. 8vo. 6d. Buckland.

The text is this passage of St Paul's second Epistle to the Corinthians : ' We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.' Ch. iv. 7.

In discoursing on these words the author considers the representation, which the apostle gives us of the gospel and its ministers, and the reason, which he assigns for the use of weak and precarious instruments, in the propagation of the Christian religion.

The expression *θησαυρον εν οσφαινοις σκευησιν*, is metaphorical, alluding to treasure preserved in earthen vessels ; or, as the foregoing verse would almost induce us to imagine, to vessels, ' in quibus olim lumina portabantur.' Our author prefers the first and obvious meaning ; and suggests a variety of just and useful observations, naturally arising from the subject ; but he sometimes pursues the metaphor beyond the bounds of propriety.

C O N T R O.

CONTROVERSIAL.

Thoughts on a Pre-Existent State. Small 8vo. 1s. Cadell.

The celebrated author of some late Disquisitions introduces the doctrine of 'a pre-existent state,' with the following pompous list of authorities:

"That mankind had existed in some state previous to the present was the opinion of the wisest sages of the most remote antiquity. It was held by the gymnosophists of Egypt, the brachmans of India, the magi of Persia, and the greatest philosophers of Greece and Rome: it was likewise adopted by the fathers of the Christian church, and frequently enforced by her primitive writers; why it has been so little noticed, so much overlooked rather than rejected, by the divines and metaphysicians of latter ages, I am at a loss to account for, as it is undoubtedly confirmed by reason, by all the appearances of nature, and the doctrines of revelation."

The disquisitor had no reason to complain of our metaphysicians and divines. Several of them have paid a *proper respect* to this hypothesis. The learned author of a treatise, published in 1766, intitled, *A Lapse of Human Souls in a State of Pre-existence*, has made this lapse 'the only original sin, and the groundwork of the gospel dispensation.' This surely was giving the doctrine as much importance, as the disquisitor could reasonably desire.

The writer of the tract now before us, has however expunged this article from his creed, and employed seventy pages in proving, that it is neither supported by reason nor revelation;—and, consequently, that man has no pretensions to this high descent, but made his first entrance into life in the humble character of *Hans in keller*.

Candid Suggestions; in Eight Letters to Soame Jenyns, Esq. on the respective Subjects of his Disquisitions. By B. N. Turner, M. A. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed. Lowndes.

The ingenious author of this publication has not contented himself with selecting and refuting some of the *leading* principles in Mr. Jenyns's Disquisitions; he has entered more minutely into every subject, and commented on all such passages as to him appeared exceptionable. In the course of his inquiry, he has treated his author with candor and politeness, though he has taken the liberty to point out many of his erroneous positions and fallacious arguments.

We have already given our sentiments at large on these topics, and therefore shall not expatiate on this article.

This volume is printed in the same elegant form with that of Mr. Jenyns, and may very properly attend it 'along the stream of time.'

MEDICAL.

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M E D I C A L.

Select Cases of the Disorder commonly termed the Paralysis of the Lower Extremities. By John Jebb, M. D. F. R. S. 8vo. 1s. Stockdale.

These cases relate chiefly to such as had been admitted patients into St. Bartholomew's hospital, and are published by Dr. Jebb with the view of illustrating and confirming the observations which have been made by Mr. Pott. To these is subjoined one case of the catalepsy.

Dr. Jebb considers cases as of the utmost importance for the improvement of medicine. They are, doubtless, as has long been acknowledged, the foundation and test of rational practice; but if carried *ad infinitum*, their utility could not atone for the useless lumber, not to say fictitious cases, with which the science would be encumbered.

The New British Dispensatory. 12mo. 3s. Newbery.

To the preparations and compositions of the new London and Edinburgh Pharmacopœias, the author has added what he calls the *genuine* receipts for several celebrated medicines, which have hitherto been kept as secrets in the hands of some eminent practitioners. It is chiefly calculated for those who are unacquainted with the Latin language.

The Works of Joseph Else, Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital. To which is added an Appendix. By George Vaux, Surgeon. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Johnson.

To this republication of Mr. Else's works, Mr. Vaux, the editor, has added an appendix, intended to confirm the superiority of Mr. Else's method of curing the hydrocele by caustic, to that by seton, which has been recommended by Mr. Pott.

M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

The Field of Mars: being an alphabetical Digestion of the principal Naval and Military Engagements, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, particularly of Great Britain and her Allies, from the ninth Century to the present Period. Embellished with Maps, Charts, Plans, and Views of Battles. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. Robinson.

An account of military and naval transactions forms a great as well as important part of secular history; and as these may be recited independently of other events, so may they, with propriety, be detached from the general narrative. A work of this nature must prove particularly interesting to those gentlemen, whose professions lead them to the contemplation of scenes, which afford glorious examples for animating their valour, and improving their skill, in their respective departments. The silent operations of the cabinet may regulate the government of the state; but it is on the field and the ocean where those decisive actions have happened, that alone can give efficacy to counsels, or establish the blessings of peace. The work before us is not only properly arranged, and compiled from the best authorities, but is embellished with a great number of delineations, peculiarly

cularly illustrative of the subjects. What relates only to the naval affairs of Britain, has been justly considered as a splendid part of modern history; and we cannot doubt but that a work, which comprises, in a great degree, both the naval and military history of all nations, during so long a period, will be regarded by the lovers of historical knowledge as a useful acquisition.

Philosophical Dissertations. By James Balfour, Esq. of Pilrig.
Small 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed. Cadell.

This work consists of four Dissertations. In the first, the author treats of matter and motion; proving, that matter cannot possess an active power of moving itself; and that all motion must be ultimately resolvable into the agency of the Deity.

In the second, he examines an argument advanced in support of the doctrine of necessity, by the author of a late publication, intitled, Sketches of the History of Mankind; shewing, that the mind acts independently of any necessary influence of motives; and that the imaginary notion of absolute necessity is attended with many absurdities.

The subject of the third Dissertation is, the Foundation of Moral Obligation; that of the fourth, is, the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul; and that of the fifth is, the Evidence of the Truth of Revealed Religion from its Connection with Providence.

These topics have been so often discussed by preceding writers, that the reader cannot reasonably expect any considerable degree of additional light should be thrown upon them. This learned writer has however treated them in a manner, which shews him to be a rational and ingenious metaphysician.

Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica. No. VI. Part I. 4to. 3s. Nichols.

This number contains an account of several antiquities in Kent, hitherto undescribed, viz. The Friars at Aylesford, Cobham-College, the Ruins of Denton Church, Lidfing Chapel, Penshurst-Church, Chalke-Church, Speldherst Church, Starkeys, in the parish of Woldham, the remains of the archbishop's palace, and the Grange in Gillingham, the Manor-House of Twidall, and the Ruins of Halling-Palace, a place which formerly belonged to the bishops of Rochester.

These descriptions are illustrated with several neat engravings. *Memoirs of the right hon. Lord Viscount Cherington, containing a Genuine Description of the Government, and Manners of the present Portuguese.* Small 8vo. 5s. sewed. Johnson.

These volumes, which are only an introduction to others professedly more interesting, are said to be the work of a captain Muller, in the Portuguese Service, who died in the year 1778. Though they are dignified with the respectable title of Memoirs, yet their authenticity is very suspicious; and a better account cannot be given of them than by the author's friend, Franzini; — 'Se non é vero, é bene trovato,' which in our translation signifies — 'if it be not true, it is a very probable fiction.' The editor is, indeed, willing to leave it on this ground; and we shall

shall give a short account of it without a syllable concerning its authenticity, which, at present, is really suspicious.

Lord Cherington is the son of Dr. Castleford, whose brother inherited that title; but these volumes only inform us of his birth, for they are filled with the 'eventful history' of his father. The story is probable and natural; the affecting scenes are not heightened by the craft of an authorling, nor wire-drawn by the tite exclamations and reflections of a novellist. Though these little volumes, from their incidental merit, may captivate the readers of a circulating library, they will have a greater and more beneficial effect; they will increase their affection for their own country, and that venerable constitution which supports and protects the meanest individual from the arbitrary exertions of a gloomy tyrant, an insatiable minister, or the more destructive efforts of mistaken bigotry. The information respecting Portugal and its government is not considerable; though the future volumes promise more intelligence. In fact, we so seldom find, in a work of this kind, any real merit, that we prize every thing which resembles it at a high rate.

An Essay on Comedy. By B. Walwyn. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Hookham.

This Essay, which, it seems, is reprinted from a news-paper, where it first appeared, contains little more than a few vague and desultory remarks on comedy, with strictures on Shakspeare, Johnson, Lee, Rowe, &c. The author's sentiments seem to be, in general, the result of some taste and knowledge in dramatic productions, but obscured by a perplexed, pompous, and affected style.

Mr. Walwyn informs us, in the first page, that 'comedy is the mirror of human nature, which reflects our follies, defects, vices, and virtues; so that we may laugh at the first, ridicule the second, satirize the third, and enforce the latter. Thus we find it is not merely a picture, but a reflector of human life. If the expression may be allowed, it is a reflecting painting—in other words, a dramatic camera.'

This strange definition of comedy has, in its first sentence, the air of a *charade*, the first, the second, &c. and the last part is very like a *riddle*. A *reflecting painting* conveys to us, we must acknowledge, no precise or determinate idea; nor do we rightly understand the second branch of the philosophical *charade*, the *ridicule of defects*; *defects* being, in our opinion, rather the proper object of pity, than of ridicule or contempt, and therefore no part of comedy.

'Superficial observers, says our author, in his criticism on the character of Bobadil, may say, vanity is a means without an end. But that would be a non-entity of expression. It has no meaning. Even caprice, which seems to burlesque all principle of action, changes from a desire of novelty. Vanity only differs from pride in its object. We are vain of trifles, and proud of worth. Both have one final cause, or principle, which is consequence—the basis of self-complacency. But surely Bobadil can have no self-complacency.'

What

What can Mr. Walwyn mean by a *non-entity of expression*? or *caprice burlesquing every principle*?—The following sentences have something in them very obscure and unintelligible: * Critics would shew their discernment and liberality in not condemning *failing ability*—in Johnson, the passions are scarcely coloured; but in Shakspeare they are *imitated by feeling*—a temporary writer is a *meteor* that is lost, whilst it glares along the *atmosphere of applause*.—A writer of genuine character is a fixed star, whose brilliancy is an everlasting ornament to the *dome of fame*.—Why should modern genius *seek to dilute* strength of passion with the *water of puny criticism*?—Trifling merit has often been observed to succeed merely by the dulness of uniformity, while a genius of superior excellence has failed *by reason* his eccentricity could not confine itself to the cold formality of *reason*.*

If Mr. Walwyn, instead of being a *meteor* in the *atmosphere* of applause, wishes to shine as a *fixed star* in the *dome of fame*, we would advise him in the Essay, which, he informs us, he is preparing for the press, to pay more attention to method, precision, and, above all, *perspicuity*.

Chronological Tables of the High Sheriffs of the County of Lincoln, and of the Knights of the Shire, Citizens and Burgesses in Parliament within the same; from the earliest Accounts to the present Times. 4to. 2s. White, Holborn.

These for a time escaped our attention, and even at present have very little claim to it. Their accuracy, which can be their *only* merit, is scarcely an object of our enquiry, for it will not admit of any discussion. It may, probably, be a very useful compilation for a future topographical history of Lincolnshire.

Heathen Mythology made easy. 12mo. 1s. 3d. Riley.

This little volume comprehends a short view of astronomy, and of the earth, with a description of the principal heathen deities. The former part the author has successfully endeavoured to render instructive to youth; but the latter is treated with too much brevity to prove equally useful.

Letters upon Ancient History. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Kearsley.

This volume is compiled partly from letters written by the late Earl of Chesterfield to his son, and partly from French authors. The whole is published in French and English, and intended, very properly, for the use of schools.

A New, Complete, and Universal Roman History. 12mo. 3s. Hogg.

Parturiunt montes. This little impostor, consisting of no more than three hundred and seventy-eight duodecimo pages, addresses the world in a title-page which might serve a voluminous work in folio. It might, perhaps, with equal benefit to its reader, have been comprised within a nut-shell.

Literary Amusements; or Evening Entertainer. By a Female Hand.

2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Noble.

Perhaps by that of an infant.